MARVEL MAGAZINES

DOCTOR WHO
MAG

All the news on the brand new Doctor Who TV Movie!

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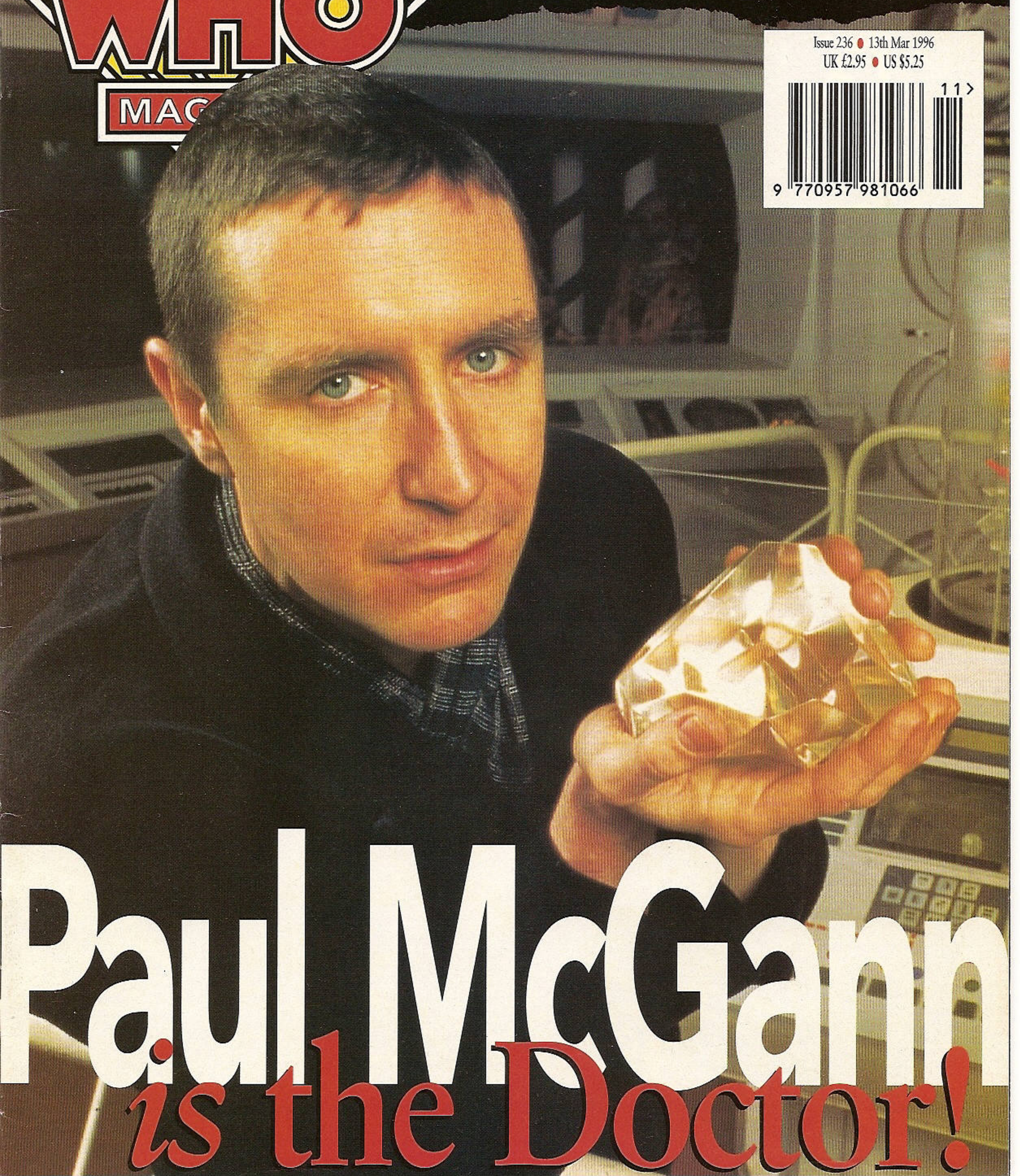
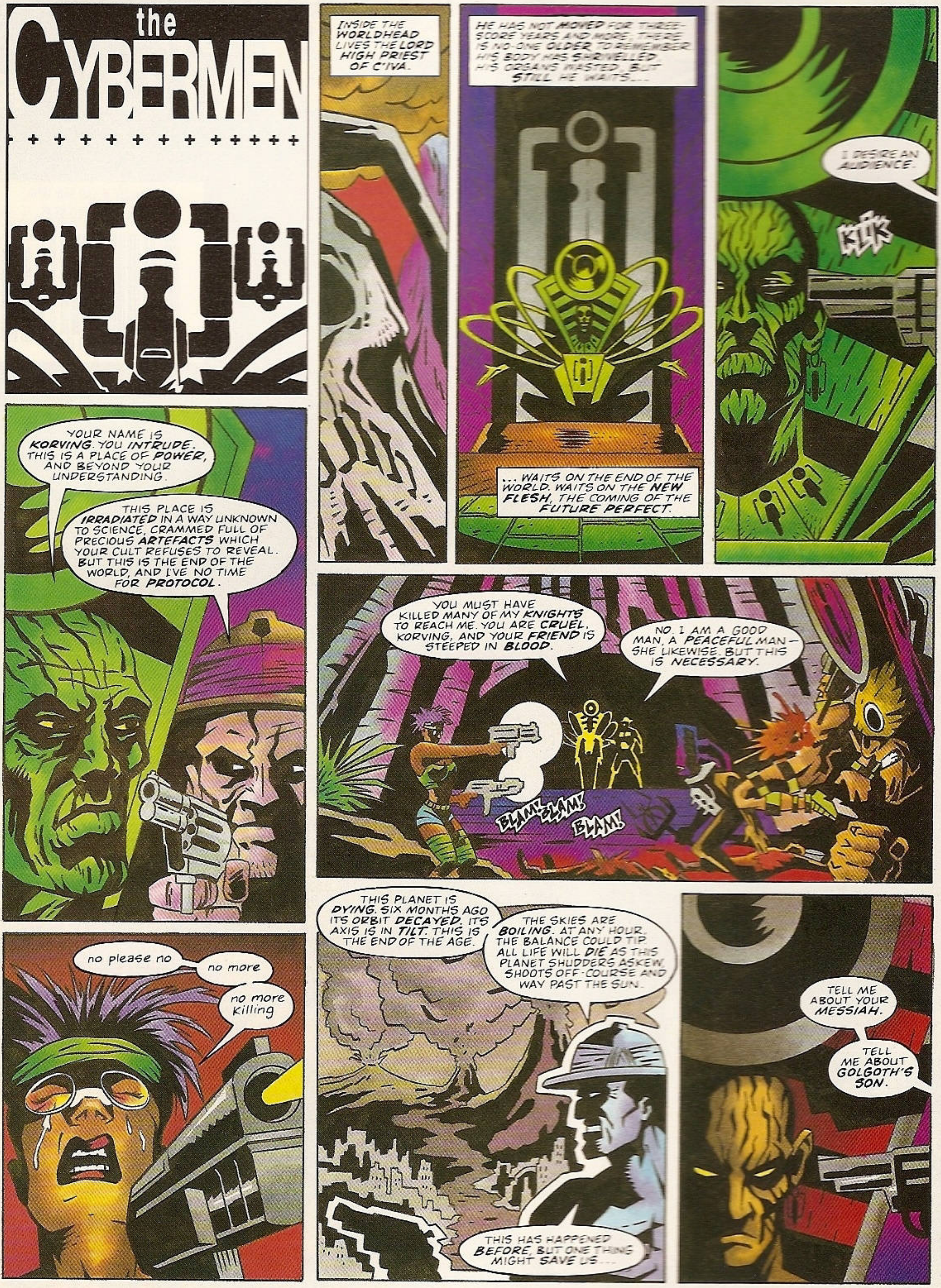
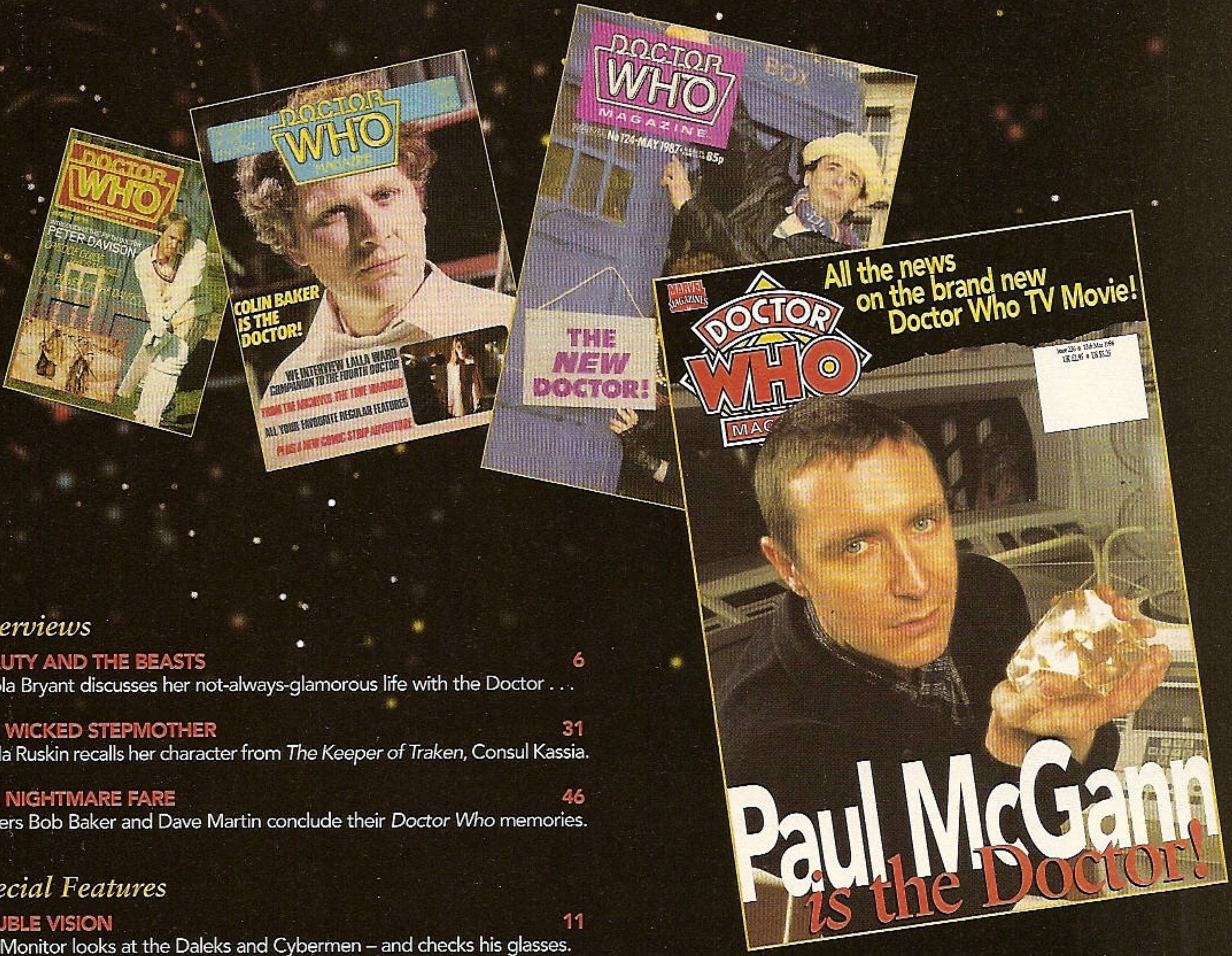


Paul McGann *is the Doctor!*

the CYBERMEN


the CYBERMEN
INSIDE THE WORLDHEAD LIVES THE LORD HIGH PRIEST OF C'IVA.
HE HAS NOT MOVED FOR THREE-SCORE YEARS AND MORE; THERE IS NO-ONE OLDER TO REMEMBER. HIS BODY HAS SHRIVELLED, HIS ORGANS WASTED, BUT STILL HE WAITS...
... WAITS ON THE END OF THE WORLD. WAITS ON THE NEW FLESH, THE COMING OF THE FUTURE PERFECT.
I DESIRE AN AUDIENCE.
KLIK
YOUR NAME IS KORVING. YOU INTRUDE. THIS IS A PLACE OF POWER, AND BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING.
THIS PLACE IS IRRADIATED IN A WAY UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE, CRAMMED FULL OF PRECIOUS ARTEFACTS WHICH YOUR CULT REFUSES TO REVEAL. BUT THIS IS THE END OF THE WORLD, AND I'VE NO TIME FOR PROTOCOL.
YOU MUST HAVE KILLED MANY OF MY KNIGHTS TO REACH ME. YOU ARE CRUEL, KORVING, AND YOUR FRIEND IS STEEPED IN BLOOD.
NO. I AM A GOOD MAN, A PEACEFUL MAN — SHE LIKEWISE. BUT THIS IS NECESSARY.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
no please no
no more
no more killing
THIS PLANET IS DYING. SIX MONTHS AGO ITS ORBIT DECAYED. ITS AXIS IS IN TILT. THIS IS THE END OF THE AGE.
THE SKIES ARE BOILING. AT ANY HOUR, THE BALANCE COULD TIP. ALL LIFE WILL DIE AS THIS PLANET SHUDDERS ASKEW, SHOOTS OFF-COURSE AND WAY PAST THE SUN.
THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE, BUT ONE THING MIGHT SAVE US...
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MESSIAH.
TELL ME ABOUT GOLGOTH'S SON.


DOCTOR WHO
PETER DAVISON
DOCTOR WHO
COLIN BAKER IS THE DOCTOR!
WE INTERVIEW LALLA WARD COMPANION TO THE FOURTH DOCTOR
ALL YOUR FAVOURITE REGULAR FEATURES
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
No 124 MAY 1987 85p
THE NEW DOCTOR!
MARVEL MAGAZINES
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
All the news on the brand new Doctor Who TV Movie!
Paul McGann is the Doctor!

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It is with a great deal of pride and excitement that *Doctor Who Magazine* is able to announce the casting of a new Doctor – the fourth new Doctor in the magazine's sixteen year history. BBC Worldwide's formal announcement of the relaunch of *Doctor Who* came just as this issue was going to press. In a flurry of overtime, we've managed to clear the decks and, through our special relationship with BBC Worldwide and the series' new American production office, we can bring you all the news on the upcoming TV movie – coverage that, in the coming months, will be unmatched by any other publication in its detail, accuracy and insight.

Also this issue, look out for *Double Vision*, the first of our special mini-features compiled by our new correspondent 'The Monitor'. Throughout the year, he'll be taking a wry, sideways look at a wide variety of aspects of *Doctor Who*, drawing your attention to some amusing and unnoticed themes and connections – let us know what you think of this new addition.

Gary

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This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to: **Doctor Who Magazine**, Marvel Comics UK Ltd., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX, England. Entries must arrive by second post on 1st May 1996.

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ABC
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CONSUMER PRESS

Filming of *Doctor Who* movie almost complete; transmission dates still subject to speculation

He's back!

On Wednesday 10th January BBC Worldwide issued a statement to the world's press, announcing that thirty-six-year-old actor Paul McGann is to take the role of "Doctor Who" in a major new film for television.

The story was picked up by most of the national press and local radio stations, and many newspapers also printed pictures of McGann outside the Longleat *Doctor Who* exhibition; the product of a top-secret photo session on 8th January which also provided **DWM** with this issue's special cover shot.

By the time the story broke, McGann was already on his way out to join the production team at the main filming location in Vancouver, Canada.

After a week of read-throughs and rehearsals, filming began on 15th January. The main shoot will take place over twenty-five weekdays, and first unit filming will be almost complete by the time this edition sees print. Ten weeks of post-production will then follow, as well as some second-unit filming in San Francisco – where the adventure is set – before the finished film is delivered to the Fox Network and the BBC in May. The film has a budget of over $5 million.

The *Doctor Who* TV Movie, which will not have an individual story title of its own, will be produced by Universal Productions Canada for distribution by BBC Worldwide and MCA Television. It will be broadcast on the Fox Network in the United States and BBC1 in the UK. The US screening is likely to be in May, but as major BBC premieres generally take place during the autumn, the UK screening could be delayed until September, possibly even until Christmas. A BBC spokesperson has assured **DWM** that the earliest possible broadcast slot will be found.

DWM will, of course, be following this exciting new project through every step of its journey to our screens . . .

The two Doctors

Despite a busy early acting career with a wide variety of theatre and TV work, Paul McGann first gained widespead recognition in the UK in 1983 when he co-starred with Robert Lindsay in the BBC's popular comedy-drama *Give Us a Break*, in which Paul played young snooker hustler Mo Morris. This was followed by a succession of TV, film and theatre roles which has included the films *Withnail and I* [1987], *Empire of the Sun* [1987], *The Rainbow*, [1989], *Dealers* [1989], *Paper Mask* [1991], *Alien*^{3} [1992] and *The Three Musketeers* [1993]; and the TV series *The Monocled Mutineer* [1986] and *The Hanging Gale* [1995]. A special photo-feature on page fifty of this issue celebrates Paul's career to date.

DWM will be soon be catching up with Paul on set for the new film, but just after accepting the role of the Doctor, he said: "Taking on such a key role hasn't sunk in yet. It's just beginning to dawn on me what all this means. Sylvester McCoy is a friend so he's told me everything I need to know!

"I loved *Doctor Who* as a kid – William Hartnell used to terrify me. My favourite villain was the Yeti, but the Daleks never did it for me – they couldn't run upstairs!

"The new film will be loyal to the spirit of past series, but will find fresh appeal too."

Sylvester McCoy flew out to Vancouver on 22nd January for nine days to film his final scenes as the Seventh Doctor. Before leaving, he took time out of a packed schedule of TV and pantomime performances to speak to **DWM**: "It's a bittersweet time, but I'm looking forward to donning the mantle and playing the Doctor for the last time, and I can't think of any better man than Paul to hand over to. The American production team have been in contact with my agent for some time, but I haven't spoken with them directly myself. Filming has been delayed and pushed back as they took time to finalise the script – I've been given more lines in the second draft, about twenty-odd pages – and tried to agree on who was playing the Doctor; Fox wanted Sting but the BBC and Universal only wanted Paul.

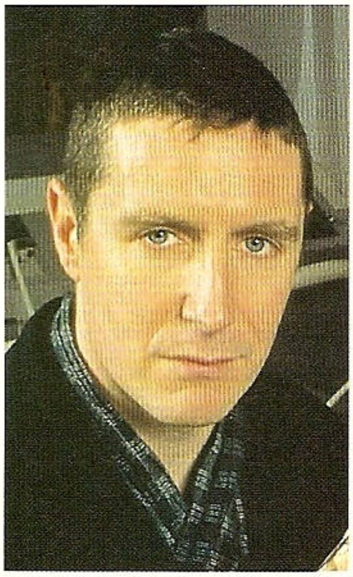
"I said 'yes' to doing the regeneration scene because I swore that I'd always do one after the way that mine was handled – I had to double up for Colin [Baker] so it didn't have the same amount of impact as a regeneration should.

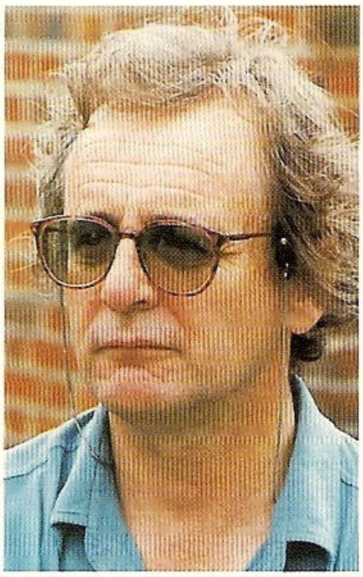
"They haven't asked me to bring my costume, but they do want me to take the hat I wore on the show, which is appropriate enough because I was wearing it when I had my first interview with John Nathan-Turner – it's the hat that got me the job!"

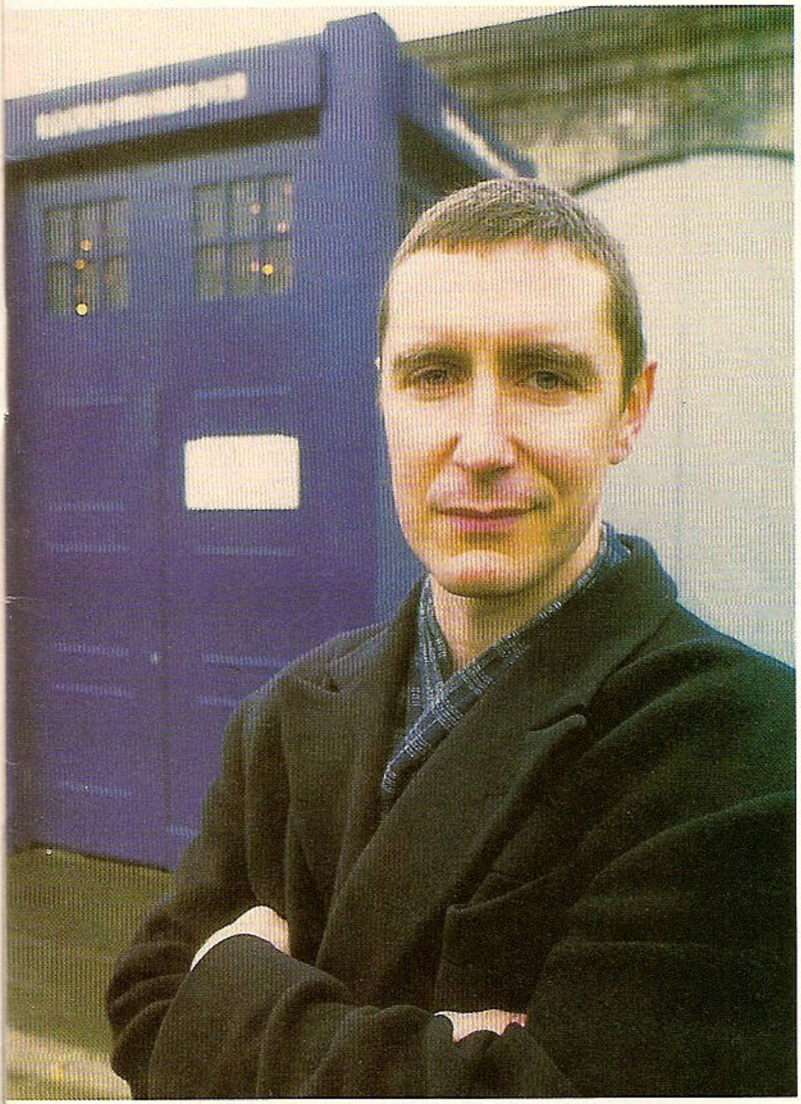
Friends and foes

The role of the Doctor's companion, Dr Grace Holloway (originally named to the British press as Grace Wilson), has gone to American actress Daphne Ashbrook, whose film credits include *Midnight Heat* and *Quiet Cool*. She has also appeared as a regular in the TV series *Hooperman* and *Falcon Crest*.

The Doctor's arch-enemy the Master will be returning, now in the form of thirty-nine-year-old American actor Eric Roberts. He has made numerous film appearances including *King of the Gypsies* [1978], *The Pope of Greenwich Village* [1984], *The Coca-Cola Kid* [1985], *Nobody's Fool* [1986], *Final Analysis* [1992] and *The Specialist* [1994]. Roberts received Golden Globe and Academy Award nominations for his role as an escaped convict in 1985's *Runaway Train*.







The production team

Shortly after the BBC's announcement, **DWM** spoke to two of the film's co-executive producers.

Philip Segal, whose production company has led the fight to bring *Doctor Who* back to TV, phoned us to say: "I'm delighted and relieved. I've spent almost eight years trying to bring *Doctor Who* to the world. I love the show, and want to give it the break it deserves. It's an important programme, and as important a franchise as *Star Trek*.

"America hardly knows the series and I want to capture the country's imagination – I want to reach out to the kids. I also want to make sure I produce the right show for the fans, three generations of which, including myself, have grown up with the show. I'm also delighted that Paul McGann is with us – he's a great actor, and was my first and only choice."

Jo Wright, the co-executive producer for BBC Worldwide, phoned the **DWM** office from Heathrow as she prepared to fly out to Vancouver, to thank the magazine team for the positive response it has given the new production. "I've been with the project for two years, working with Philip Segal. I was invited to develop *Doctor Who* at Worldwide by Michael Wearing, who in turn had been asked by Alan Yentob to look after the programme.

"The film has been delayed because we've been working very hard to get the script just right, to make it the best it can be. We also needed everyone to agree on the casting of the Doctor. Paul has been mine and Philip's choice from Day One, and we were supported in that by Trevor Walton, the Senior Vice-President in charge of TV films at Fox, who is British."

The director of the film, Geoffrey Sax, is also from the UK. A highly-regarded and popular director, his work includes the 1990 comedy thriller series, *Sleepers*, made by original *Doctor Who* producer Verity Lambert's production company, Cinema Verity, for the BBC. He has also directed episodes of the drama series *Bergerac* and *Lovejoy* (the latter produced by Jo Wright), as well as episodes of the comedy series *The New Statesman*, which won an Emmy and further awards from BAFTA and the Royal Television Society.

His documentary on the life of William Fox Talbot for HTV/Channel 4, *A Little Bit of Magic Realised*, was the winner of the Gold Award for Cinematography at the New York Film and TV Festival in 1986.

Jo Wright said of Sax: "Geoff was suggested by the US end. His name was on their short-list because of a number of successful TV movies he's done for Universal. I've worked with Geoff before and said that they couldn't do better."

Merchandising

The development of the new film has had a major effect upon BBC Video's plans for 1996.

The Hand of Fear will be the last regular release before the entire range is deleted on 19th February, after which no new stock will be available to retailers.

Gail Holman, the marketing manager of BBC Video, told **DWM** that her department was planning something "very special" for the video release of the new film, which *may* be simultaneous with its US transmission, making the production available on sale in the high street before it is transmitted on BBC1. The BBC's recent production of *Pride and Prejudice* was available on video before the last of its six episodes was seen on TV, helping to make it BBC Video's all-time top-selling double-pack release, selling more than 400,000 copies – 12,000 of those on its first day of release. The future of the *Doctor Who* video range is being discussed in the light of plans for the new film, and a major relaunch and some special releases are distinct possibilities. Unfortunately, the news of the postponement of *Time-Flight* and *The Happiness Patrol* reached **DWM** after this issue's *Shelf Life* was sent to print.

In a break from tradition, the licence to publish the official novelisation of the film has not been awarded to Virgin Books. Instead it will be published by BBC Books, almost certainly in May. The author of the novelisation is Gary Russell – a former editor of **DWM** and one of Virgin's *New* and *Missing Adventures* writers – who has been given a very tight deadline for delivery of the manuscript. He told **DWM**: "It's always been an ambition of mine to write a novelisation of a TV story, and now I've been given one to do I couldn't be happier."

Marvel will also be joining the celebrations, and the recent restructuring of our stable of *Doctor Who* titles has opened the way for some very special publications . . .

Doctor Who
Key production credits

Executive producers
Alex Beaton
Philip Segal
Jo Wright

Producer
Pete Ware

Director
Geoffrey Sax

Co-producer/writer
Matthew Jacobs

Production designer
Richard Hudolin

Costume designer
Jori Woodman

Key makeup artist
Joann Fowler

Director of Photography
Glen MacPherson

Special effects co-ordinator
Gary Paller

Visual effects producer
Tony Dow

Meanwhile . . .

Future of *The New Adventures* under consideration

The new film and the recasting of the Doctor will have no immediate effect upon upcoming book releases, asserts Virgin Books. No decision has yet been taken over whether the Seventh Doctor will continue to 'star' in the *New Adventures* series, or whether other elements of the new film's format, such as the companion, will appear in the books.

The company has added another *Missing Adventure* to their 1996 schedule. December's book will be *Cold Fusion*, by *Just War* author Lance Parkin. This will feature the Fifth Doctor, Tegan, Nyssa and Adric, with guest appearances by the Seventh Doctor, Chris Cwej and his, by then, former companion Roz Forrester, making this book something of a 'Missing *New Adventure*'.

Virgin is also in the early stages of planning *The Doctor Who Archive*, a major new non-fiction work in the style of their popular *Star Wars Archive*. The book will be a lavishly illustrated guide to props, costumes and models from *Doctor Who*, illustrated with photographs and design drawings. It is to be compiled and written by Mike Tucker, David Howe and Mark Stammers. Mike is keen to photograph any props or costumes from the series which are now in private hands. If you own any such items and are willing to allow them to be featured in the book, then please contact Mike c/o **Doctor Who Magazine** at the editorial address on page three. Everyone who contributes will receive a free copy of the book and a credit, if desired.

New non-fiction from BOXTREE

Marcus Hearn, a former member of the **DWM** editorial team, and David Hanks are preparing a special non-fiction work for Boxtree Books, to be published this summer.

With a working title of *Classic Who – The 500 Year Diary*, the book will be a complete chronological production history of *Doctor Who*. Marcus told **DWM**: "I'm very grateful to Boxtree for giving me the opportunity to write the kind of *Doctor Who* reference work I've always wanted to own. I hope this will be one of the broadest-based, but also most detailed books on the show's thirty-three year history yet published."

Do you run a *Doctor Who* fan group?

DWM is hoping to publish the ultimate guide to *Doctor Who* fan clubs and groups around the world. Whether you organise a huge national fan club in Iceland or a group of twenty people who meet in church hall in Sunderland, we want to hear from you. Send your details – frequency of meetings, venue, contact address etc – to 'Fan Groups' at our editorial address.

Beauty and the Beasts

Nicola Bryant, the young English actress who played the young American botanist Perpugilliam Brown, speaks to **Chris Howarth** and **Steve Lyons** about her time on the series.

Former *Doctor Who* companion Nicola Bryant has been keeping quite busy of late, so one job option has been rejected: "The pantomimes I was offered this year were too far away. I really need to be near my mum at Christmas, so unless it's right within the Surrey region I'm not interested in doing pantomime.

"I've done a series of the comedy *The 10%ers* which was supposed to be coming out in the autumn but obviously they've changed their schedule. I'm just in for one episode, but it's written such that my character might come back. I become the love interest of the American agent, a bit of an angel really. It was interesting filming it, a bit like *Blackadder's Christmas Carol* really – a live audience and changes to the script two minutes before you do it. I'm playing an English character opposite an American. It was quite hard trying to make sure I stayed English."

Nicola's most recent exposure (the recent *Companions* book aside) has been playing dance teacher Martine on the Children's BBC show *The Biz*: "I enjoy working with the kids, it gives you a new perspective. I'm very close to some of the young kids in it." *The Biz* has been a bigger hit than anticipated and consequently when it returns in '96 it will be for a lengthier run. Will Martine still be a member of staff? "Providing it doesn't take up the whole year. I don't mind flitting on and off screen for a few lines per episode."

The drama school setting and her character in *The Biz* strikes a few chords with Nicola. "All I ever wanted to do, from the age of three, was to be a dancer – I just wanted to be Margot Fonteyn. I wasn't allowed to go to ballet school so I had to move from one thing into another. My mother very cleverly got me involved in amateur dramatic musicals, so I was doing all the acting and singing and dancing and I just suddenly thought, 'I really enjoy all this!' That was at about the age of eleven or twelve; I started to work towards drama school which was sort of my entire goal."

Obviously Nicola achieved her ambition to attend drama school, and it's been well documented that her first job upon leaving was in *Doctor Who*. "There was an agent who'd seen me playing an American character in a show I was doing at drama school. He assumed I was American, probably because everyone else's accents weren't too brilliant, and just logged me down as 'American girl' beside the name of what he'd seen me in."

For trivia buffs, that agent was Terry Carney – none other than William Hartnell's son-in-law. "When the *Doctor Who* briefing came to his office he thought, 'Oh yeah, I've seen an American girl who's just perfect for this'. So he rang me up and I had to explain that I wasn't really American, but he said, 'Well, if you can do what you did on stage there's no reason why you can't do this'.

"I went for the audition and at first it was just general chit-chat, then it was working with a script. They worked out a dummy script just for the auditions; I read with Eric Saward who apologised for his appalling reading abilities."

It must have seemed like a good break into the profession when the role was offered. "Incredible, because I was a fan of the show myself. It was like, 'Terrific! How can I be in this show that I'd grown up with?'

"It had a real family atmosphere. There was a core of people who always worked together. Because, I suppose, there was so little time on each episode, everything was always pushed right to the deadline and people had to work well together. So there was also that sense of playing well together; it was a very comfortable atmosphere." And Peter Davison? "Peter was very helpful and friendly to me."

Unlike her predecessors, Nicola had the added bonus of jetting straight off to Lanzarote for the filming of her first story, *Planet of Fire*. "I think we had one day at the BBC rehearsal rooms just walking around poles saying, well, this will be here and that will be there – which didn't give you much of a picture – and just a 'hello' and a read-through." And then it was straight to Lanzarote? "I was thinking, 'Oh my goodness!' Spending your first day's work away from home and not quite knowing what was going on – it was certainly interesting. I was quite homesick too; it was really strange, I suddenly felt the insecurity of doing your first day's work on camera to be seen by several million people."

It was while working on *Planet of Fire* that Nicola had her first experience of British tabloid journalists. "The press came with us to Lanzarote and they were right on our tail all the time. Of course I had a lot of stuff in bikinis and all that running around and I think they were desperately keen for the old Page Three shot and all of that. Of course, in Lanzarote you can do topless sunbathing, and I remember John Nathan-Turner saying to me, 'If you take your top off for one second I'll kill you – because they'll be there.'

"Every night we'd finish filming quite late and coach it back to the hotel and the press guys would all be there in the bar. Your glass is constantly being filled up and you're almost unaware of it; you get to the point where you have to sit and have a conversation with your hand over your glass. They were fun, there was a sense of play in that they weren't trying to be malicious, but they also had a job to do and they wanted something as interesting as possible.

"The newspapers paid for all those 'James Bond' shots, that was entirely their idea. They went out and hired Peter a tuxedo and bought me a white bikini. That was on our one free day, so we didn't *actually* get a day off. It takes a long time for them to set up a shoot, then they had to find the costume – and finding a white bikini in Lanzarote was not as easy as they thought.

"They were there for the whole week and were keen to get a whole week's worth of articles. It was really supposed to be about the fact that it was Peter's penultimate story, but instead of being a big article about Peter and his leaving it turned out to be called *Who'd be a Who Girl?* because of the content of that week's filming, with all the drowning and throwing myself down the edge of volcanic cliffs."

Right: "The name's Who . . ." Peter Davison and Nicola Bryant strike an unexpected pose for the British Press on location in Lanzarote for *Planet of Fire*.

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TOY BOYS
ARE THEY WORTH THE TROUBLE?
SPRING INTO SPRING
WHAT'S HOT FOR THE NEW SEASON
NEW LOOKS!
FIVE READERS ENJOY THE METROPOLITAN MAKEOVER
MOVIE MAYHEM!
GET SOME OF THAT OLD HOLLYWOOD STYLE
MEN
CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM, CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM?
GLAMOROUS ADVENTURER
PERI BROWN
ON HER THRILLING LIFE AFTER YRCANOS

"Spending your first day's work away from home and not quite knowing what was going on was certainly interesting."

Above: Nicola Bryant experiences the trials of being a *Doctor Who* companion. Photos © BBC

Once back in England, Nicola began filming what turned out to be her favourite *Doctor Who* story. "I loved doing *Caves of Androzani* because I think it worked so well. Graeme Harper, the director, was exciting, and it was certainly . . . let's find the right word . . . it was certainly *different* working with him because you never knew what was going to happen next. It was Peter's last story, and to have been part of a regeneration was something very special, because it was always the most exciting moment. If in your time of watching *Doctor Who* you missed a couple of episodes you thought, 'well, fine', but you didn't go missing a regeneration. That was a really key thing and I was thrilled to be part of it."

The new Doctor, Colin Baker, took over for the final story of the season. "I was quite nervous about having to start with somebody new again after I'd just got settled. I was reluctant to act like an old hand and take charge of welcoming Colin onto the team, which Colin thought made me seem a little stand-offish. I felt very much that I was still a new girl, and also coming straight out of drama school I didn't feel that I was really experienced because I'd only done two months on *Doctor Who*. I wasn't the longest-running team member – the back-up team, the producer and the script editor was still the same – so I didn't feel it was my position to welcome Colin on board and suddenly seem in charge and cocky, that would be rather presumptuous."

The Sixth Doctor's debut story *The Twin Dilemma* may not have been met with a great deal of enthusiasm among fans, but Nicola is quick to defend it. "I don't think there's ever a move from one Doctor to the other that gets a good response. It's a cliché and it's expected that that the fans will go, 'Oh no, don't like that. Bring back the old one,' because it's change and if you liked the one before you'll resist the change. It certainly doesn't bother me and I don't think it bothered anyone else involved with the show either. In hindsight people will say, 'I really liked the fact that the Sixth Doctor was a bit zany and a bit nutty.' It just takes time to adjust."

But wasn't it simply a case of a less-than-great story following on directly from a great one? "Always the first script will be a character thing to introduce the new Doctor," explains Nicola, "I think that's the purpose of it. It did follow a particularly dramatic and well-filmed story, so that may be the reason for it, but as I said people are going to resist it anyway. Not that people can't have an objective opinion about it – I don't think it was quite as well filmed or as good a script as the one before.

"I think Colin did an excellent job of coming in and turning the whole thing on its head. That is the idea of having a new Doctor – that it's completely different from the one before. From my point of view I thought he made a very interesting entrance: 'Change, my dear – and not a moment too soon.' I just stood back and said, 'That's exciting. That's different.' All that brainstorm turmoil had a very interesting edge, and it was probably about time they had that really. Most of us have enough trouble handling life's little day-to-day problems without going through that kind of metamorphosis. He was number six, you'd have thought he'd have had more schizoid problems by then.

"It was a very good idea to have the Doctor suffering a brainstorm, but I thought the idea of he and Peri not getting on dragged on for too long. It was a great idea at the beginning but it just went on. I kept thinking that if they got on so badly then she'd just get off or he'd just drop her back or dump her somewhere, I doubt if either one of us would've stuck it out. Luckily, when we came back after the eighteen-month break we had a completely resolved relationship, which I was really glad to have."

So an interesting new Doctor, but what about Peri? "Peri was definitely fun. There were the inevitable pitfalls that *Doctor Who* has, such as the fact that an episode always has to end on a cliffhanger, so ninety-nine percent of the time that's going to be an assistant in trouble – that was annoying. It's easy to sit and gripe that I was fed up with getting frost-bite and running up and down corridors in leotards and all that, but I had so much fun doing *Doctor Who*. People enjoyed watching it and I think that's the basic element of it. I think the fact that we had fun making it actually comes over when you watch it."

The Sixth Doctor and Peri's first full season together began with the return of an old adversary. "Absolutely. I was very excited to be doing a Cyberman story. I kept trying to find out if I was going to be doing a Dalek story as well, because my father, who'd always pretended to be not very interested in it, did one day say: 'Are you going to do a Dalek story then?' It was great fun to work with them, part of me was giggling inside going, 'Ooh, I'm working with the Cybermen.' Matthew's a good director, he did a good job on it and it was a pretty interesting story." The appreciation of which required a detailed knowledge of *Doctor Who*'s history and continuity perhaps? "Not necessarily," Nicola argues. "I think sometimes knowing the extra bits of information adds to it, but you don't have to know them. It was an action story which stood on its own, there were characters that you got involved with without knowing all their backgrounds. But the more you knew the more you got back, which is kind of a plus for the fans."

Attack of the Cybermen had some interesting casting in that the well-known faces of Sarah Greene and Faith Brown were obscured by plastic Cryon masks. "Normally if you've got people like that in your show you're flashing their faces in front of the camera every two minutes." Nicola adds: "I also thought Brian Glover was excellent casting. All the time I was there I thought the casting was tremendous. It was an added bonus every time I got to work."

Right: Peri (Nicola Bryant and the Doctor (Peter Davison) await their fate in *The Caves of Androzani*. Photo © BBC Video

Left: Peri and the Doctor (Colin Baker), in and out of the TARDIS in *The Two Doctors*. Photos © BBC Video

Nicola's favourite story of Season Twenty-Two was *Vengeance on Varos*, despite the bird make-up. "That was horrible. It took nearly an hour to put on, but the main trouble was that because it varied with each stage, you had to get it off and put it on again for each different mask. For the final version we were running out of studio time so the mask was practically pulled off with a few bits of my skin still attached and the next one glued onto the rather sore skin. Two days later we we were filming outside. My skin was terribly sore and the sun started to burn, so I said I couldn't stand it anymore – it was really painful." And if all that wasn't bad enough: "Of course, I'm also allergic to feathers – why couldn't I have been the reptile? But apart from getting my face ripped off and being covered in feathers, which was not one of my favourite moments, I think *Vengeance on Varos* really held together well and seemed to get a good response. Sil was a brilliant character, Nabil Shaban did an excellent job with him. It was nice to bring in a character that could have lasted as long as the Daleks or Cybermen – we would have been watching Sil and his little entourage in twenty years time if *Doctor Who* was still in existence."

Nicola also thought the Rani was a good adversary for the Doctor. "Kate O'Mara was wonderful and the way the Rani and the Master worked together was really interesting. I always loved the period ones when I watched them myself, the ones where you discover how some bit of history 'really' happened." If nothing else the period setting of *The Mark of the Rani* presented an opportunity to get out of the leotard and shorts. "The dress was ghastly. It didn't do me any favours and it didn't win any comfort awards either. I think it would have been great fun if she'd lifted up the skirt and still had the shorts on underneath and a pair of running shoes.

"Originally there was supposed to be this scene where we decided to go to the Great Exhibition, so I was dressed for that period. Then we got to the wrong place and I had to say, 'This is not where we were going, I'm not dressed for this.' So I was supposed to be in the wrong period costume, but because all that got lost in editing you just kept thinking, 'Why is she dressed like that?'"

It seems a good point to ask Nicola to elaborate on the subject of costumes. "I didn't mind the stuff I got in the last series. It wasn't stuff I would've worn in the streets but it was quite passable. I liked the cloak and black boots I wore in *Revelation of the Daleks* because at least I was warm. I think the trousers caused a bit of a fuss when I turned up in those because it was not expected. It was the costume designer on that show who was keen for me to be wrapped up and warm. And it meant that I had almost the same costume for two stories – with cloak and without cloak. I was told that there wasn't any more money in the budget for another costume, which was fine by me. Most of the time it was the sheer cold that got me down – I got frost-bite and pneumonia at one point – your body gets tired of that. It was great to actually get a coat on, and thermal underwear, and loads of layers. I didn't care if I looked like an elephant, I was determined to be warm.

"Most of the time filming in this country is cold. In Lanzarote I think I had the best costume of the lot – that's when everyone caused a stink about me being in a bikini, but what else do you want to wear in the water? I felt very comfortable in Lanzarote because I had flat shoes on, cotton shorts, cotton shirt. Seville was very different. I got a metallic-foil kind of top that really attracted the heat and I felt as though I was roasting myself. And I had slightly higher shoes when I would've been more comfortable running around in a pair of trainers or something, so there was always that slightly impractical element.

"I remember Janet Fielding saying, 'How do you do that? You get a new costume for every story and I had the same piece of rubbish the whole time.' I said, 'I don't know, Janet, I guess I got lucky.' I had a trademark, though, wearing a leotard and shorts. Although I would complain, John Nathan-Turner said it certainly upped the fan mail."

"They might have kept the bikini for every story, so it could have been worse. There are lots of ways it could have been worse. John always says it was my own fault, because it was what I wore for the publicity shoot. Now, the day before the publicity shoot John rang me up and said, 'Now, Nicola, have you got anything really, really clingy?' I didn't, I had nothing clingy in my wardrobe. I said that I had shirts and jumpers like most people, and a few sweatshirts. 'Well,' he said, 'have you got anything that fits you really tightly?' I said I had a couple of T-shirts that were too small, and leotards for dancing. 'Okay,' he says, 'any short skirts?' So I ended up going out and getting this pink all-in-one thing, which was quite respectable, and I brought a pair of shorts along with me, because that was in my publicity briefing.

"So that is John's idea of it being *my* choice of clothing."

The Two Doctors gave the team the chance of another holiday in the sun. "It was up to 110F out there, so I didn't really enjoy being dressed in the tin-foil thing I described. They eventually had to put a lining in because it was burning me. But it was great fun to be filming on location. Peter Moffat definitely got value for money from the locations – that was stunning footage.

"I enjoyed the story. As a non-meat eater, I liked the idea. Robert Holmes was a vegetarian, and we talked about it, that's why he had written that story. The idea of human beings being part of the food chain was really interesting.

> **"I thought the idea of the Doctor and Peri not getting on dragged on for too long."**

"It was terrific to work with Pat Troughton," she adds, "it was great the way we swapped Doctors and companions.

"The one that followed, *Timelash*, was my least favourite story, but I did like the idea of HG Wells having been in the TARDIS. That's what made the story for me – I've always found little things like that some of the most exciting points of *Doctor Who*." Was there anything else to recommend *Timelash*? "Not really . . ." Nicola pauses briefly to

> **"Alexei would stand behind a microphone and say, 'How much are they paying you, Nicola? . . . That's not enough, that's rubbish. Pay this girl more.'"**

think of something nice to say about it. "I think the sets for the caves were quite reasonable. I have to say that it was the weakest story I ever worked on. Even the director Pennant Roberts, bless his heart, used to come back and say, 'I'm sorry, Nicola, we need another shot of you tied to a pole, screaming.' It seemed to me that the writer was in a bit of a time-warp and it didn't matter who the assistant was; all the stuff that was happening didn't fit in with Peri's character. I thought I'd got some kind of 1964 throwback, that this script could have been written in the Sixties for any assistant. It was not written for Peri and it was not written for the mid-Eighties. As storylines went, it wasn't too bad for Colin, but for me it was interminable scenes of being captured, recaptured, screaming, being tied up . . .

"A key quality of Peri was her spunkiness, because even if she didn't necessarily resolve all the situations – she was the assistant after all, and that's the way things are set up – at least she wasn't a coward. The first person she ever met was the Master and she gave him what for in the best means possible: she didn't go 'Arrrh!', she kicked him. She was just out there doing it. *Planet of Fire* was the first script I was shown and I thought, 'Great, it's about time they did this with a character.' And then they would get a writer who, like the situation in *Timelash*, would chicken out and what you'd done for a year would go down the tube for four episodes."

At least part of the inspiration for Peri came from an earlier companion. "Sarah Jane was my favourite, because Jon Pertwee was the Doctor when I started watching, and then of course Tom Baker. I remember thinking that Sarah was a lovely assistant because she had that vulnerable quality even though she wasn't a complete idiot. This was something I wanted within Peri – although their backgrounds were completely different and they came from different ages. Peri was a younger character than Sarah Jane, she was really a sort of teenage college student, but there are definitely elements of her that I tried to incorporate because that's what I enjoyed when I was watching."

Nicola contends that Peri was the first of the Doctor's young companions to not be a complete idiot. "I think that Peri definitely cleared the way for characters like Ace to come through. Because she was a young character, she wasn't a career girl like Janet's Tegan, she was an impressionable teenager who'd say, 'Hey, who is this guy? Sort this out.'"

That's fair enough, but what about her direct successor, Bonnie Langford's Mel? "She's a friend of mine. I don't want to discuss that one," says Nicola, but after a little coaxing adds, "It doubled my mail, people kept writing to me saying, 'Come back!'. I don't think Bonnie particularly enjoyed doing *Doctor Who*. It was very difficult the way it was written for her. And she's got such a strong personality; she was known for other things and people had already decided they weren't going to like her anyway."

Nicola's father must have been delighted with the subject of the final story of Season Twenty-Two, *Revelation of the Daleks*. "It was just such a buzz for me to be working with the Daleks. I completely enjoyed myself. Alexei Sayle was totally outrageous. There was a scene where we were shot at by the Daleks and I got a fit of the giggles. A voice came down the studio: 'Will Miss Bryant please control herself.' I just couldn't believe that I was doing this for a living – standing behind a counter with Alexei Sayle firing at Daleks.

"Alexei was very naughty, he deliberately stirred things up, which added to the fun of doing it. We'd be in the studio and he'd stand behind a microphone and say, 'How much are they paying you, Nicola? . . .That's not enough, that's rubbish. Pay this girl more.' And: 'Do they send a car for you each morning?' 'No, I get the bus.' 'You get the bus?!'

"We had the snow out on location – the snow just made it, it looked terrific. The funny thing was, the night before we went filming I asked Graeme Harper how he was feeling.' He said, 'I'm really excited, it's a Dalek story. But there's one thing I want – I'd love some snow for this, it would look stunning.' I told him I'd keep my fingers crossed for him. The next morning we got to the location and there was snow everywhere.

"I think there were some nice moments in that story," adds Nicola. "I loved the little scene on the wall: crushing the Doctor's watch, him calling me fat as I clamber over the wall, and me telling him it was the pot calling the kettle black."

Season Twenty-Two ended with the Doctor offering to take Peri on a holiday. Whether or not they reached their mystery destination is unknown, because even though the Time Lord's oldest adversaries were unable to exterminate him, he was to be defeated by a far more powerful foe – the Controller of BBC1, Michael Grade . . . ◆

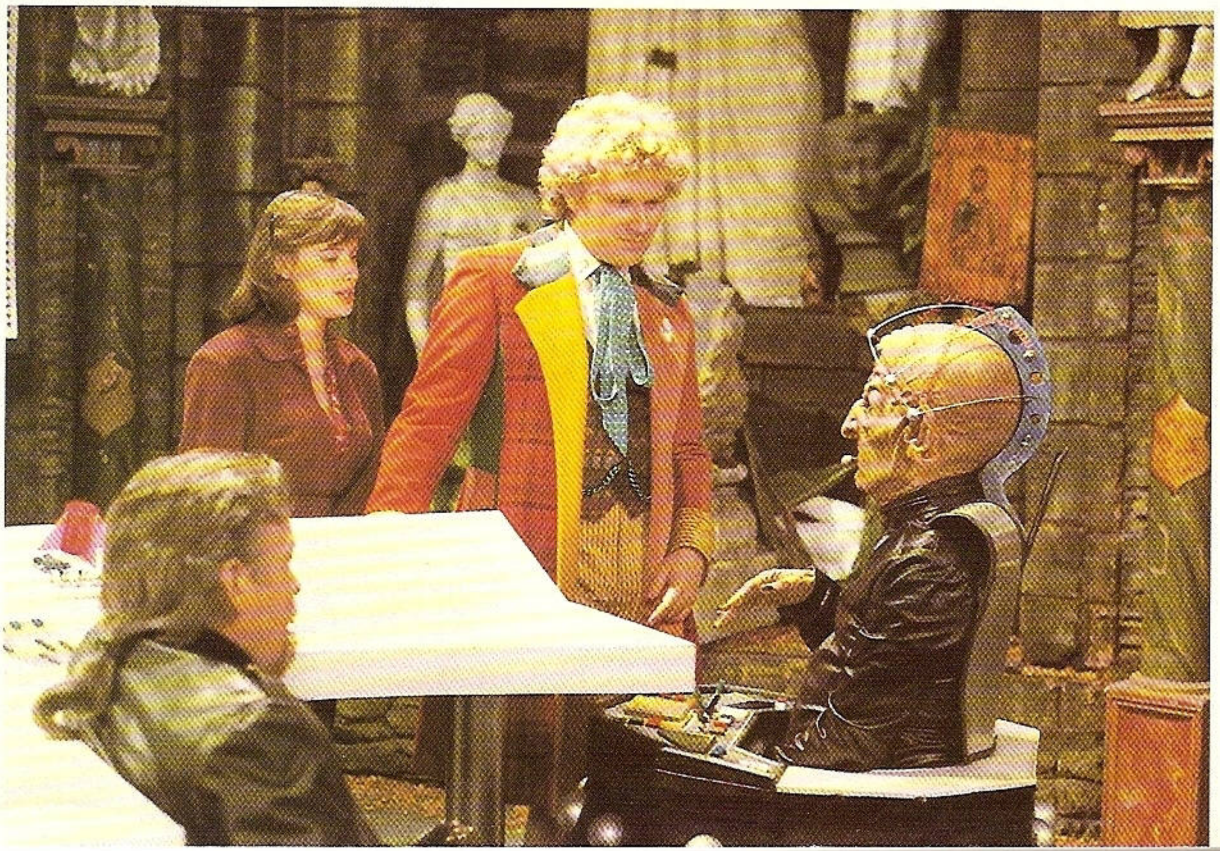
Next issue

Nicola discusses her feelings about *Doctor Who*'s temporary cancellation, the series' brief foray onto radio for *Slipback*, and the stories of Season Twenty-Three.

Above: Peri and the DJ (Alexei Sayle) get better acquainted in *Revelation of the Daleks.*

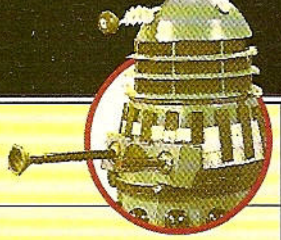
Right: Davros (Terry Molloy) confronts Peri, the Doctor and Orcini (William Gaunt) in his underground lair on Tranquil Repose in *Revelation of the Daleks.*

Photos © BBC



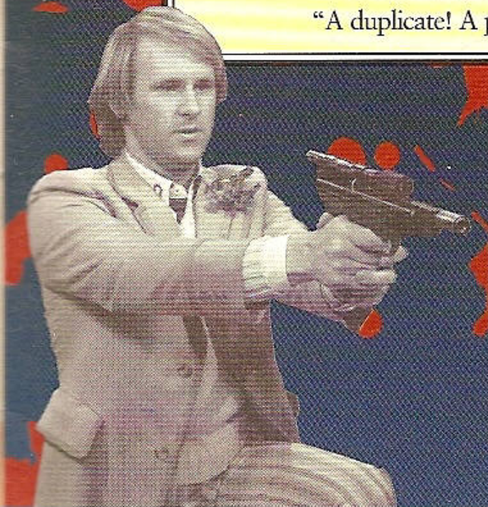
Double Vision

compiled by THE MONITOR



Earthshock	**Resurrection of the Daleks**
On Earth Two servants of the baddies – the androids – protect a concealed alien device of mass destruction: a Cyber-bomb. They kill lots of people. Horribly. Human soldiers arrive and meet with female scientist Professor Kyle, who is later shot dead. The Fifth Doctor and two of his three companions turn up, and are greeted with suspicion.	**On Earth** Two servants of the baddies – Lytton's bogus policemen – protect a concealed alien device of mass destruction: the Movellan virus. They kill lots of people. Horribly. Human soldiers arrive, including female scientist Professor Laird, who is later shot dead. The Fifth Doctor and two of his three companions turn up, and are greeted with suspicion.
In space Human crewmembers – Berger and Ringway – aboard a rusty old spaceship discuss the shortcomings of their captain. Soon after, semi-organic creatures – the Cybermen – storm the bridge, killing lots of people.	**In space** Human crewmembers – Styles and Mercer – aboard a rusty old spaceship discuss the shortcomings of their captain. Soon after, semi-organic creatures – the Daleks – storm the bridge, killing lots of people.
At the end of part one Still on Earth, the Doctor, Tegan, and the troopers duck behind any available cover as the androids advance upon them.	**At the end of part one** Still on Earth, the Doctor, Tegan, and the troopers duck behind any available cover as a Dalek advances upon them.
At the end of part two The Doctor has just arrived on board the spaceship when he is captured and held at gunpoint by a human traitor, Ringway.	**At the end of part two** The Doctor has just arrived on board the spaceship when he is captured and held at gunpoint by a human traitor, Stein.
Lots more people die. Then . . . Companion Tegan joins the soldiers and takes to running up and down the spaceship's corridors, armed with a big gun. The Doctor lectures the Cyberleader on the necessity for emotion and, uncharacteristically, takes up arms. Adric attempts to crack the computer code locking the ship's navigation system . . .	**Lots more people die. Then . . .** Companion Turlough joins the soldiers and takes to running up and down the spaceship's corridors, armed with a big gun. The Doctor lectures Davros on the necessity for compassion and, uncharacteristically, takes up arms. Styles attempts to crack the computer code locking the ship's self-destuct system . . .
Sample dialogue "The hold is crawling with robots!"	**Sample dialogue** "The place is crawling with Daleks!"
The Big Finish Adric sacrifices himself. The spaceship blows up. Tegan starts blubbing.	**The Big Finish** Stien sacrifices himself. The spaceship blows up. Tegan leaves. And starts blubbing.
Total body count Goodies – 18; Baddies – 18 (and an awful lot of dinosaurs). "This slaughter is pointless" – The Doctor.	**Total body count** Goodies – 37; Baddies – 39 (no dinosaurs). "A lot of good people died today" – Tegan.
Written by Series script editor Eric Saward.	**Written by** Series script editor Eric Saward.

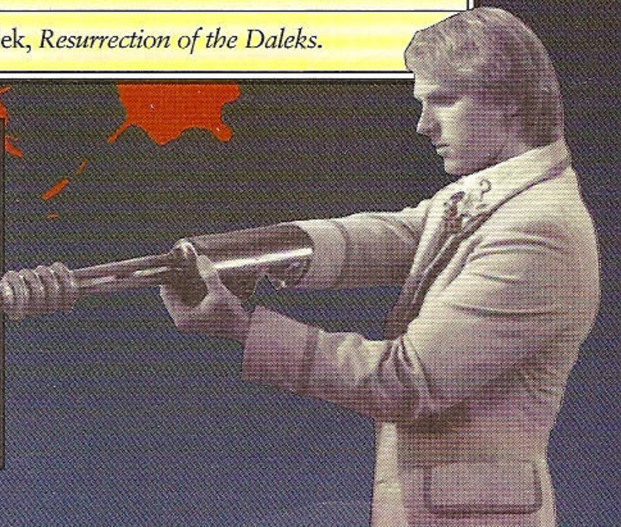
"A duplicate! A product of our genetic engineering!" – A Dalek, *Resurrection of the Daleks.*

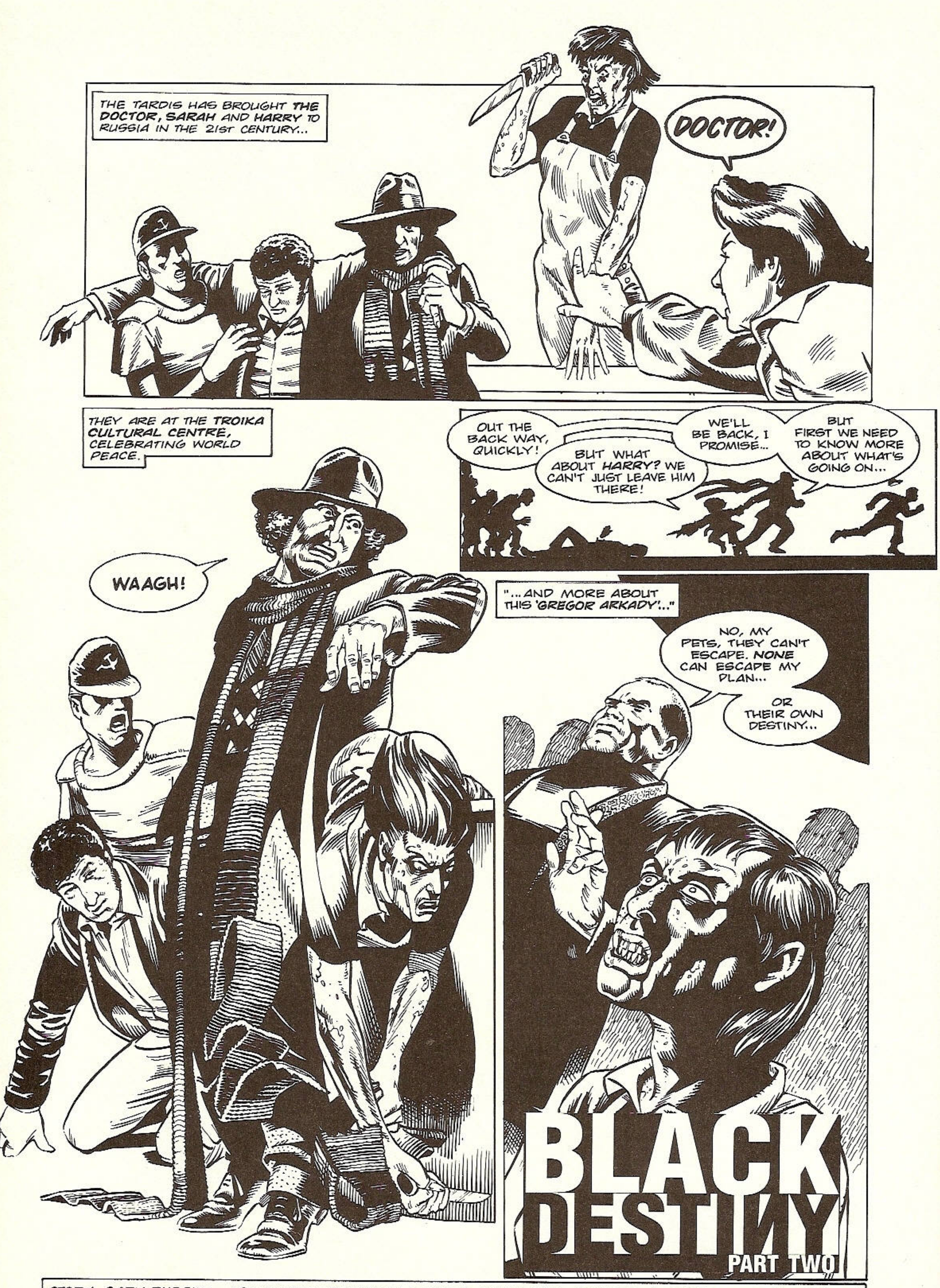


NATURAL BORN EXTERMINATORS

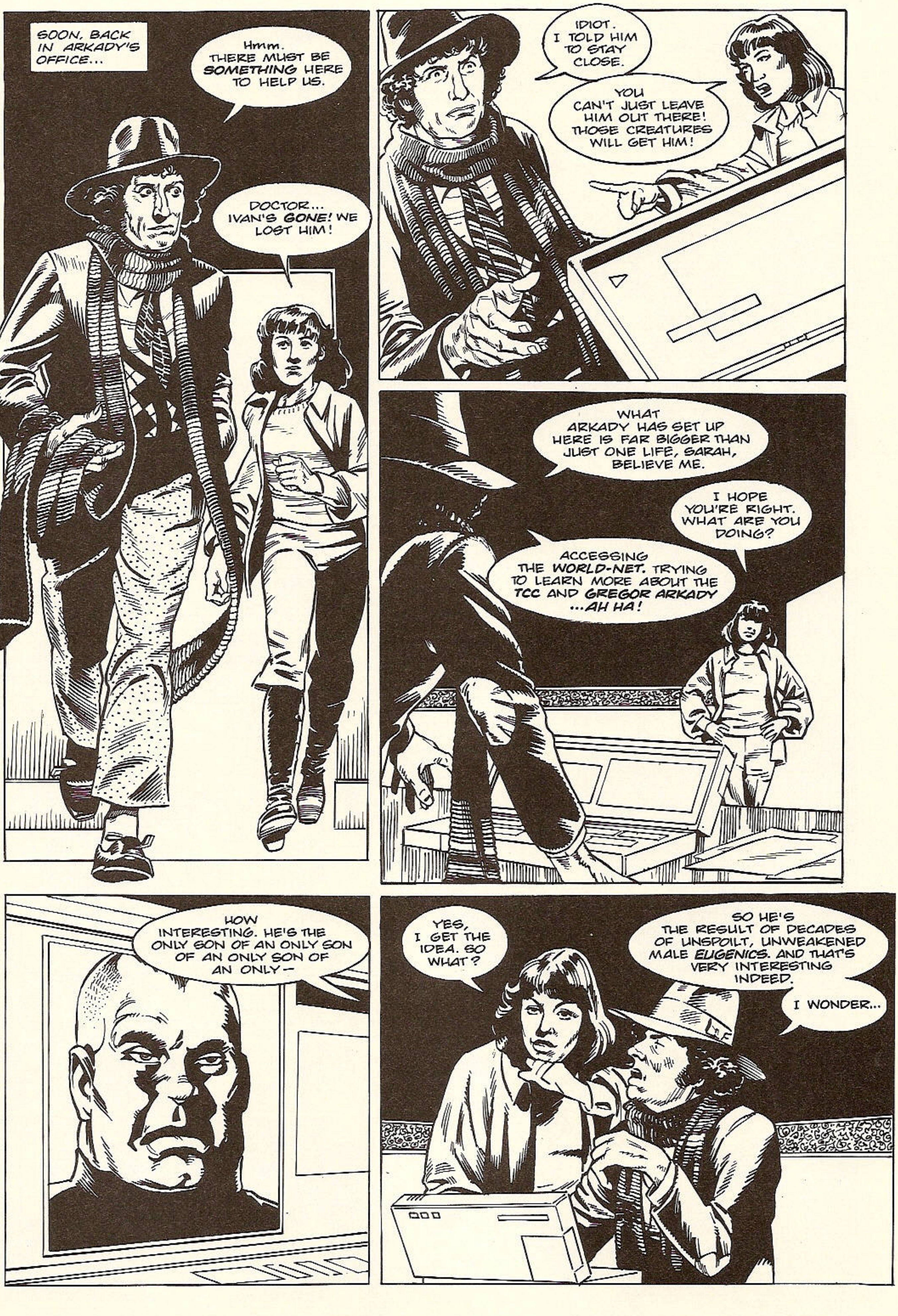
Total number of on-screen deaths in:

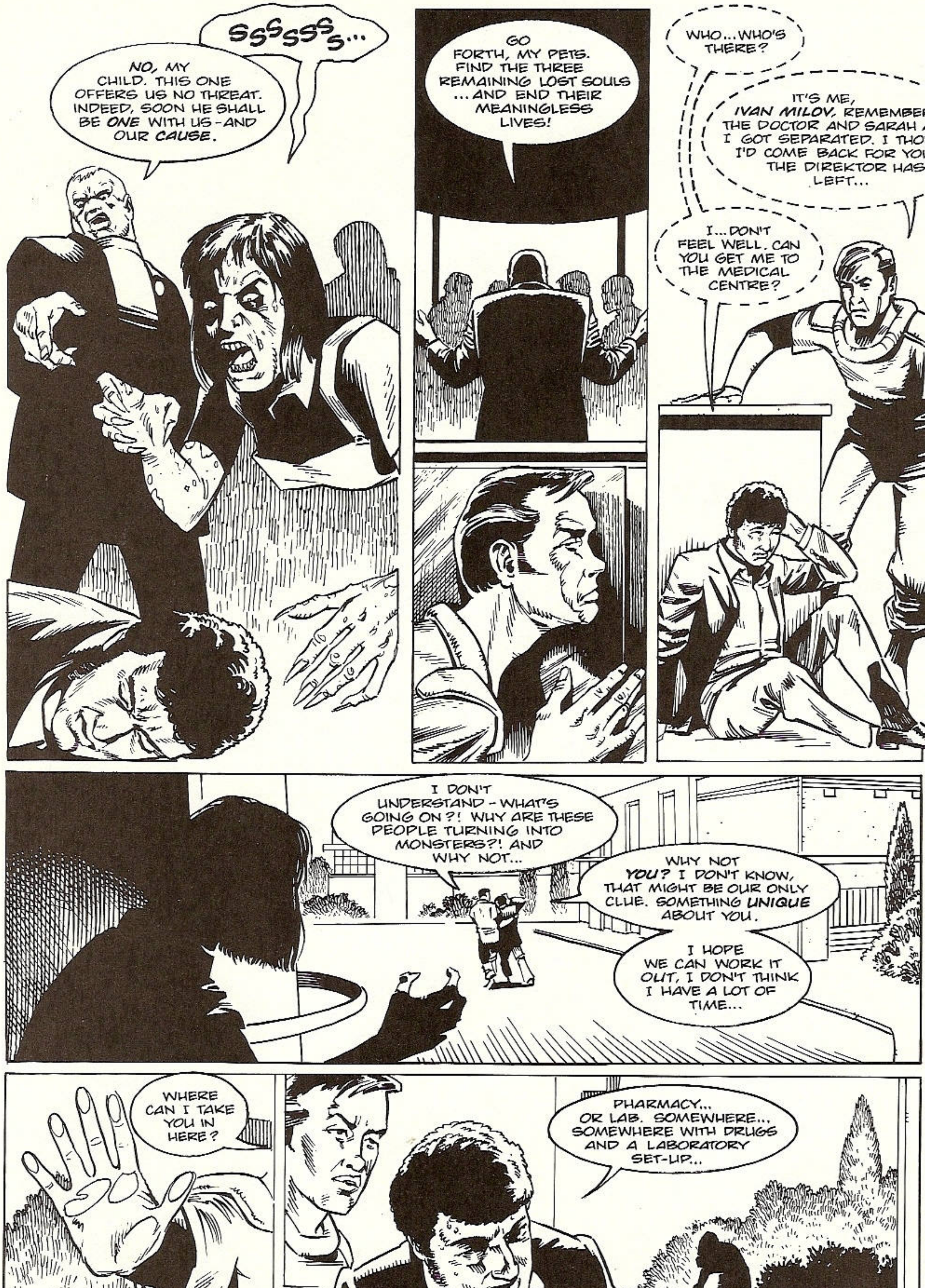
Reservoir Dogs	9
Die Hard	18
Lethal Weapon	25
Terminator 2	28
Robocop	30
Earthshock	**36**
Natural Born Killers	53
Resurrection of the Daleks	**76**

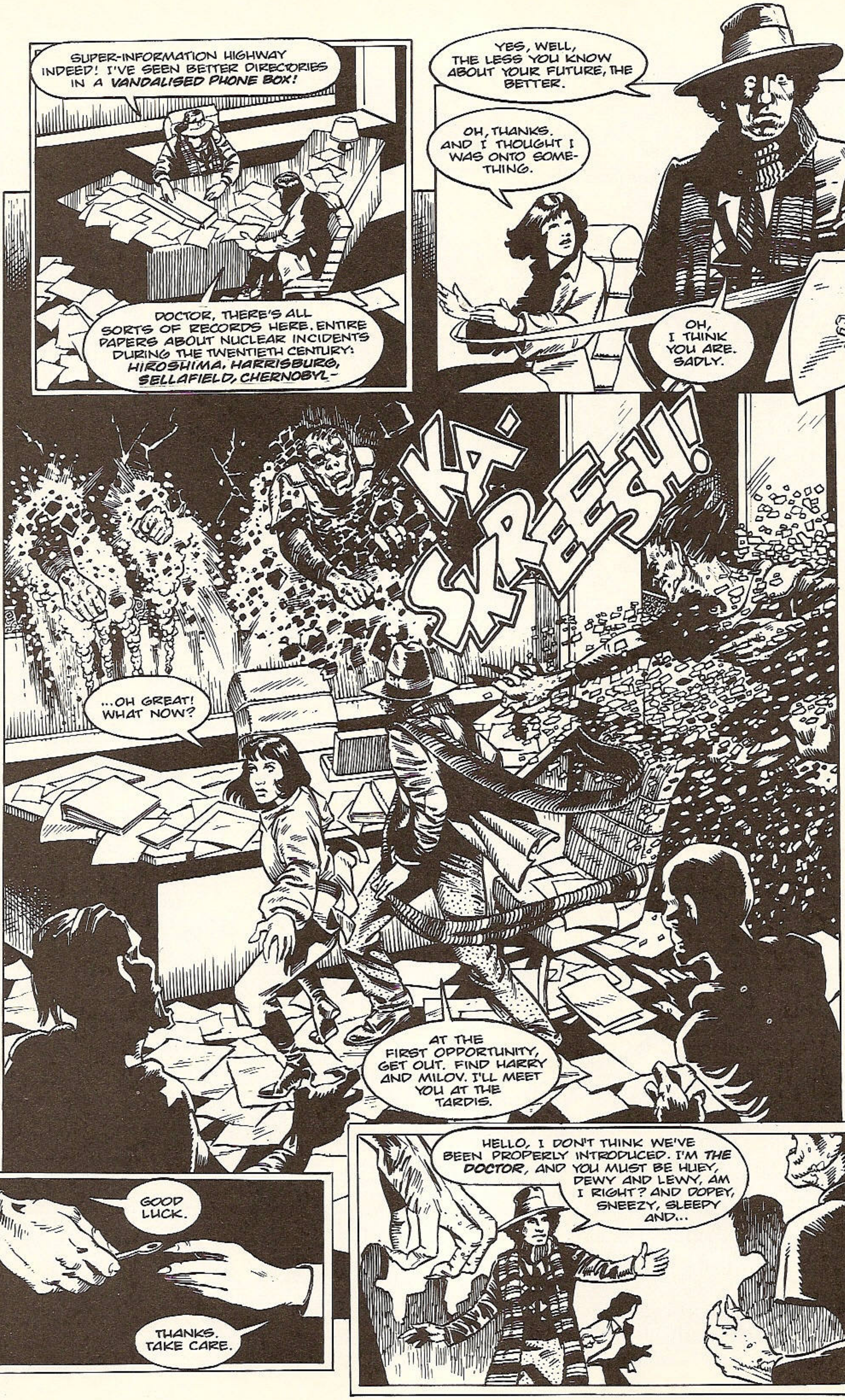


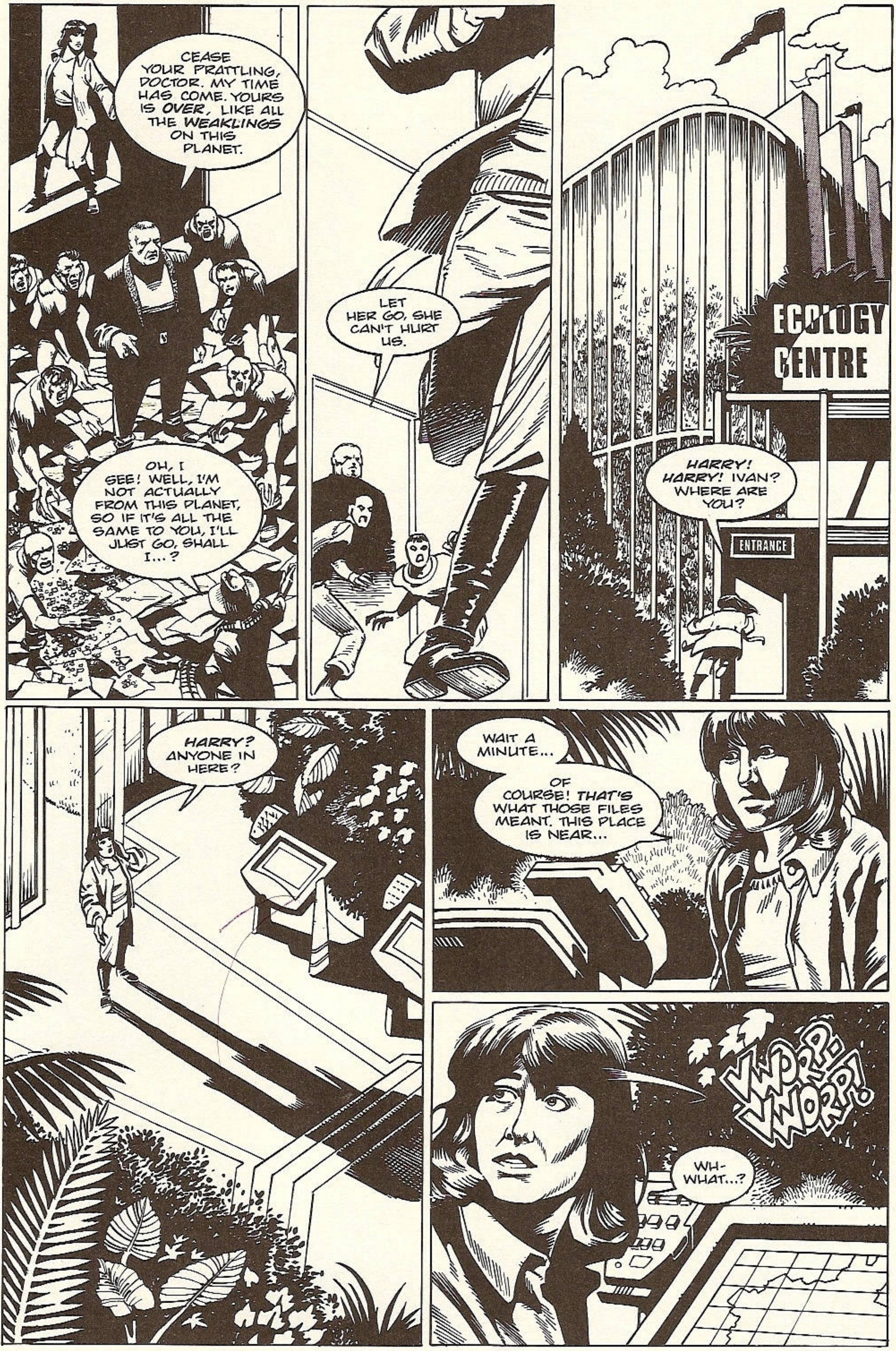

THE TARDIS HAS BROUGHT THE DOCTOR, SARAH AND HARRY TO RUSSIA IN THE 21ST CENTURY...
DOCTOR!
THEY ARE AT THE TROIKA CULTURAL CENTRE, CELEBRATING WORLD PEACE.
OUT THE BACK WAY, QUICKLY!
BUT WHAT ABOUT HARRY? WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM THERE!
WE'LL BE BACK, I PROMISE...
BUT FIRST WE NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON...
WAAGH!
"...AND MORE ABOUT THIS 'GREGOR ARKADY'..."
NO, MY PETS, THEY CAN'T ESCAPE. NONE CAN ESCAPE MY PLAN...
OR THEIR OWN DESTINY...
BLACK DESTINY
PART TWO

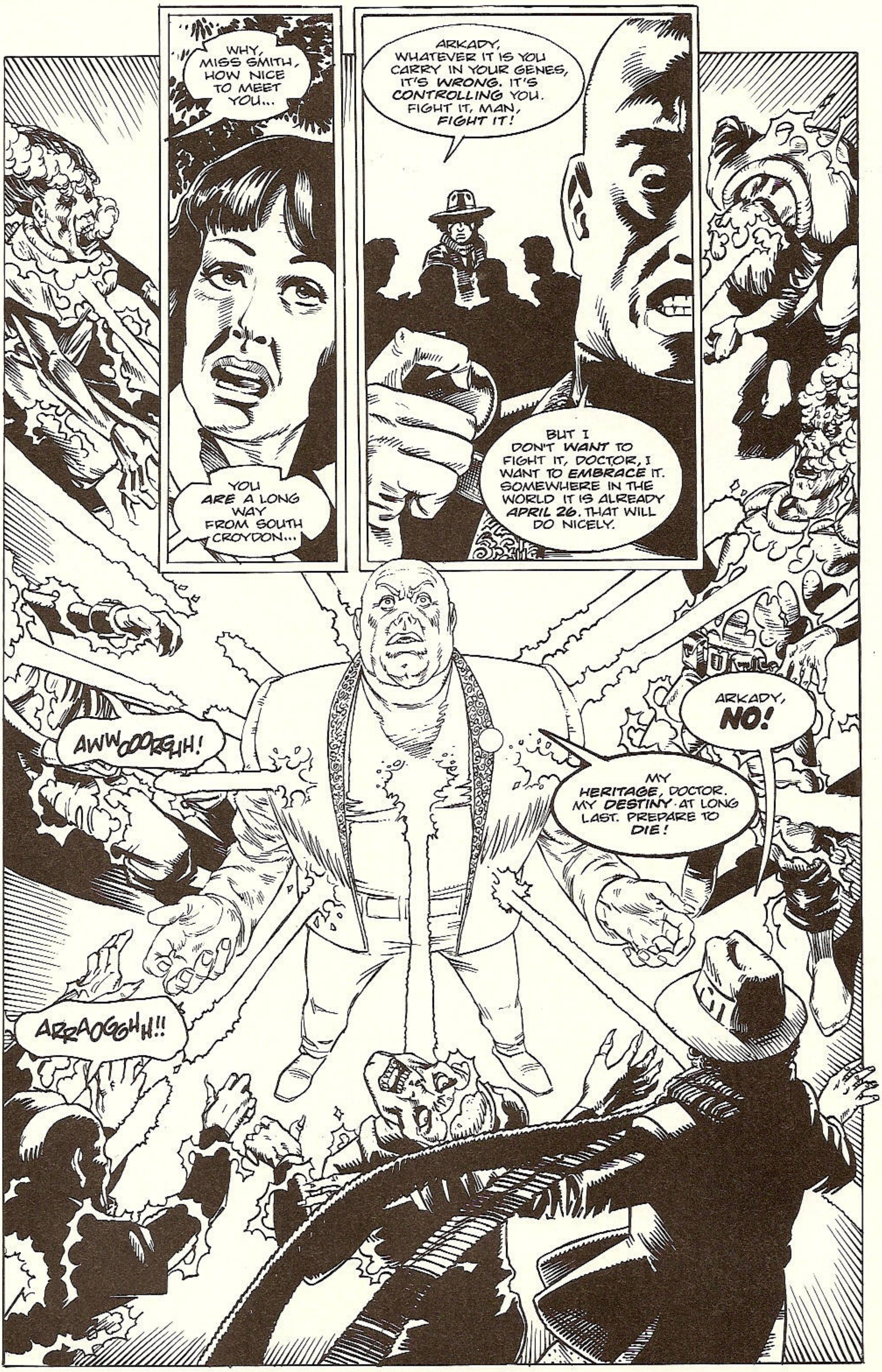
STORY: GARY RUSSELL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY LETTERS: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & SCOTT GRAY.

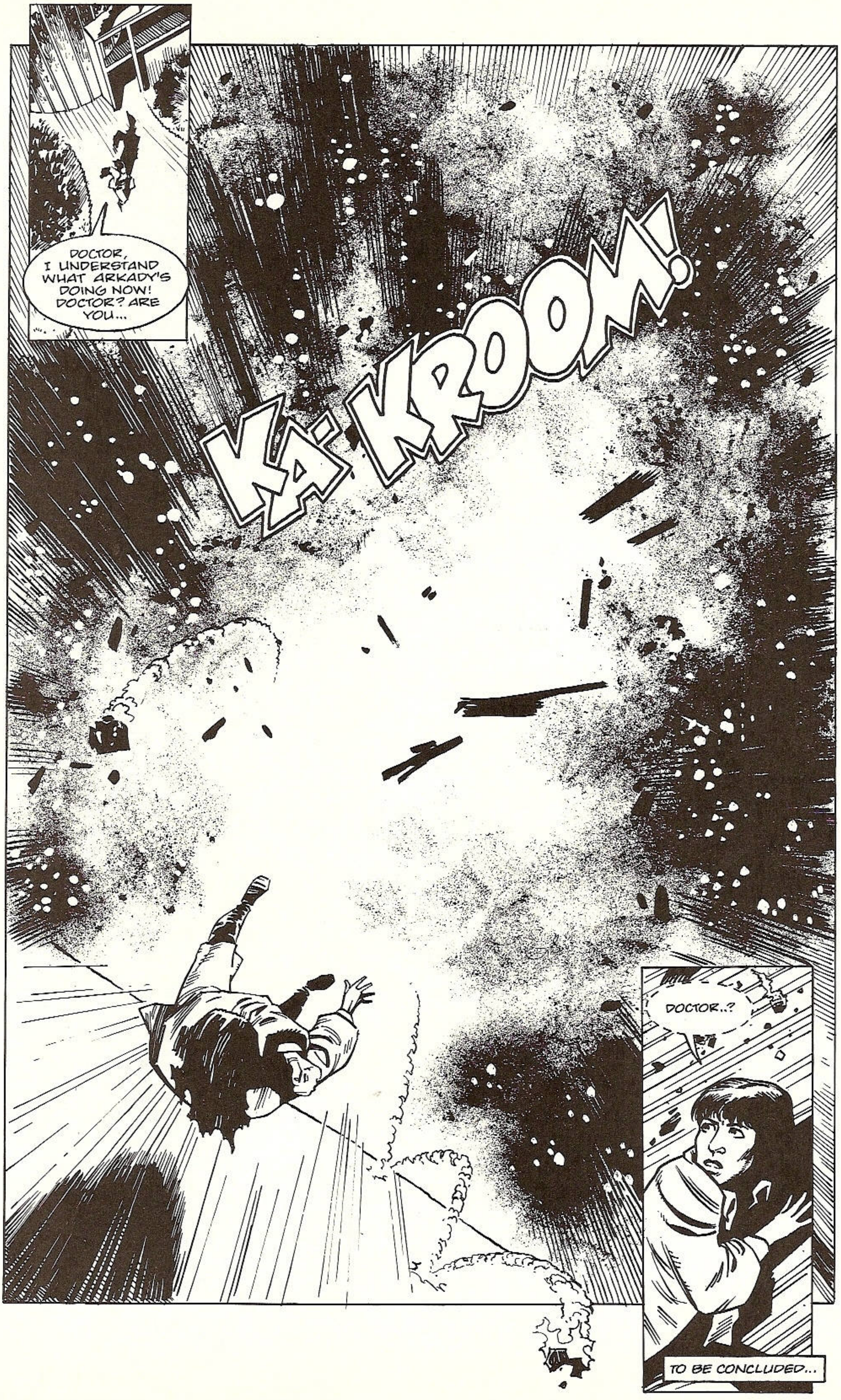

SOON, BACK IN ARKADY'S OFFICE...
Hmm. THERE MUST BE **SOMETHING** HERE TO HELP US.
DOCTOR... IVAN'S **GONE!** WE LOST HIM!
IDIOT. I TOLD HIM TO STAY CLOSE.
YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM OUT THERE! THOSE CREATURES WILL GET HIM!
WHAT ARKADY HAS SET UP HERE IS FAR BIGGER THAN JUST ONE LIFE, SARAH, BELIEVE ME.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
ACCESSING THE **WORLD-NET.** TRYING TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE **TCC** AND **GREGOR ARKADY** **...AH HA!**
HOW INTERESTING. HE'S THE ONLY SON OF AN ONLY SON OF AN ONLY SON OF AN ONLY—
YES, I GET THE IDEA. SO WHAT?
SO HE'S THE RESULT OF DECADES OF UNSPOILT, UNWEAKENED MALE **EUGENICS.** AND THAT'S VERY INTERESTING INDEED.
I WONDER...


SSSSSSS...
NO, MY CHILD. THIS ONE OFFERS US NO THREAT. INDEED, SOON HE SHALL BE ONE WITH US - AND OUR CAUSE.
GO FORTH, MY PETS. FIND THE THREE REMAINING LOST SOULS ...AND END THEIR MEANINGLESS LIVES!
WHO... WHO'S THERE?
IT'S ME, IVAN MILOV, REMEMBER? THE DOCTOR AND SARAH AND I GOT SEPARATED. I THOUGHT I'D COME BACK FOR YOU. THE DIREKTOR HAS LEFT...
I... DON'T FEEL WELL. CAN YOU GET ME TO THE MEDICAL CENTRE?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND - WHAT'S GOING ON?! WHY ARE THESE PEOPLE TURNING INTO MONSTERS?! AND WHY NOT...
WHY NOT YOU? I DON'T KNOW, THAT MIGHT BE OUR ONLY CLUE. SOMETHING UNIQUE ABOUT YOU.
I HOPE WE CAN WORK IT OUT, I DON'T THINK I HAVE A LOT OF TIME...
WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU IN HERE?
PHARMACY... OR LAB. SOMEWHERE... SOMEWHERE WITH DRUGS AND A LABORATORY SET-UP...


SUPER-INFORMATION HIGHWAY INDEED! I'VE SEEN BETTER DIRECTORIES IN A VANDALISED PHONE BOX!
DOCTOR, THERE'S ALL SORTS OF RECORDS HERE. ENTIRE PAPERS ABOUT NUCLEAR INCIDENTS DURING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: HIROSHIMA, HARRISBURG, SELLAFIELD, CHERNOBYL-
YES, WELL, THE LESS YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR FUTURE, THE BETTER.
OH, THANKS. AND I THOUGHT I WAS ONTO SOMETHING.
OH, I THINK YOU ARE. SADLY.
KA-SKREESH!
...OH GREAT! WHAT NOW?
AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY, GET OUT. FIND HARRY AND MILOV. I'LL MEET YOU AT THE TARDIS.
GOOD LUCK.
THANKS. TAKE CARE.
HELLO, I DON'T THINK WE'VE BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED. I'M THE DOCTOR, AND YOU MUST BE HUEY, DEWY AND LEWY, AM I RIGHT? AND DOPEY, SNEEZY, SLEEPY AND...


CEASE YOUR PRATTLING, DOCTOR. MY TIME HAS COME. YOURS IS *OVER*, LIKE ALL THE *WEAKLINGS* ON THIS PLANET.
OH, I SEE! WELL, I'M NOT ACTUALLY FROM THIS PLANET, SO IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'LL JUST GO, SHALL I...?
LET HER GO, SHE CAN'T HURT US.
ECOLOGY CENTRE
ENTRANCE
HARRY! HARRY! IVAN? WHERE ARE YOU?
HARRY? ANYONE IN HERE?
WAIT A MINUTE...
OF COURSE! *THAT'S* WHAT THOSE FILES MEANT. THIS PLACE IS NEAR...
VWORP-VWORP!
WH-WHAT...?


WHY, MISS SMITH, HOW NICE TO MEET YOU...
YOU *ARE* A LONG WAY FROM SOUTH CROYDON...
ARKADY, WHATEVER IT IS YOU CARRY IN YOUR GENES, IT'S *WRONG*. IT'S *CONTROLLING* YOU. FIGHT IT, MAN, *FIGHT IT*!
BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO FIGHT IT, DOCTOR, I WANT TO *EMBRACE* IT. SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD IT IS ALREADY *APRIL 26*. THAT WILL DO NICELY.
AWWOOORGHH!
ARKADY, *NO!*
MY *HERITAGE*, DOCTOR. MY *DESTINY* AT LONG LAST. PREPARE TO *DIE*!
ARRAOGGHH!!


DOCTOR, I UNDERSTAND WHAT ARKADY'S DOING NOW! DOCTOR? ARE YOU...
KA-KROOM!
DOCTOR..?
TO BE CONCLUDED...

Shelf Life

The Xeraphin's power is growin',
As the strawberry fondant is flowin'.
But clever computers,
And elderly suitors,
Make books this month's bet, says **Dave Owen**!

After a recent one-tape-a-month release policy, BBC Video now unleash two stories simultaneously – although with neither having attained conspicuous critical acclaim in the past, it's hard to view either as supporting feature or main attraction. Both were unflatteringly scheduled on their original transmission by having to follow combat-driven blockbusters featuring classic *Doctor Who* enemies.

TIME-FLIGHT

Time-Flight is a 1982 four-parter that takes place immediately after the cataclysmic events of *Earthshock*, in which companion Adric died after battling the Cybermen. The remaining TARDIS complement of the Fifth Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan are still devastated as Part One begins. However, their credibility suffers somewhat when, after a few moments' reflection, they manage to press on with stoicism bordering on the casual, which will disorientate casual tape buyers who won't necessarily appreciate the significance of Adric's death.

The story takes place around Heathrow. Despite having secured the use of a real Concorde aboard which to film, the production team completely fail to evoke the atmosphere of a busy international airport. Air Traffic Control, for instance, appears to consist of one controller manning a console in a darkened room containing a few filing cabinets. A Concorde disappears en-route for Heathrow, but there is a curiously muted reaction to this, consisting of a debate between the airport top brass around a table. The disparity between film and studio is poetically emphasised by a major visual continuity error which has Andrews, the duty officer, managing to be in the meeting (in studio) and confronting the Doctor in the terminal building (on film) at the same time.

Any drama that might have arisen from the arrival of the TARDIS coinciding with the disappearence of Concorde is banished by the Doctor simply waving his UNIT pass, after which he's given the run of the airport. Taking another Concorde and crew, as well as his companions and the TARDIS, he sets off on a test flight following the missing plane's flight path. When they emerge from the plane back at Heathrow, everything appears slightly artificial, due to inspired use of CSO. It is all a psychic illusion – they have travelled back in time 140 million years. The end of a traditional *Doctor Who* opening episode is marred by a story which hasn't been properly thought through, and shows the travellers remarkably lacking in bruises after having disembarked from an aircraft on to a rocky plain without the luxury of landing steps and, more seriously, by the uninspiring appearance of the story's main monster, the Plasmatons.

Hereon *Time-Flight* enters a dive from which it never really pulls out. Peter Grimwade's confusing script is so laden with jargon that there's little room for humanity or expression of emotion among the cast. Although exemplary as the tannoy voice at Heathrow, Judith Byfield's hostess Angela Clifford sounds so stupefied that it's hard to determine when she has fallen under the mesmeric spell of the strange Citadel. Nigel Stock's cynical Professor Hayter is so cold and unfriendly as to barely change when he merges with the Xeraphin, the alien force powering events. As the events get still more bewildering, and the visuals still more phoney, light relief can be gained from the animated performances of Stapley, Bilton and Scobie, the Concorde officers. True spiritual descendants of Biggles, Ginger and Algy, they seem to be having fun throughout, and their high point comes during their debriefing in the Controller's office, where they take it in turns to tell the story like overexcited schoolboys describing some wizard adventure in the hols.

Unfortunately, the only way that *Time-Flight* qualifies as a "wizard adventure" is in the presence of Kalid, the oriental-looking alien sorceror guiding events from the heart of the citadel. Why the Master (Yes. It's him. Again.) should wish or need to effect this disguise to enact his plans remains a mystery. At least his overall motive is realistic; rather than being driven by pure meglomania, his scheme involves ensnaring others to free him from a trap of his own making, a theme common to all three of the Peter Grimwade-scripted stories.

With Concorde, the Master, time-travel, a stranded alien race and only four episodes, *Time-Flight* is too much all at once, for either the programme budget or the viewers' credulity. A wasted opportunity.

THE HAPPINESS PATROL

Doctor Who pundits, when found arguing earnestly into the small hours of the morning at convention bars, often express one of two extreme viewpoints concerning the adventures of the Seventh Doctor. The first is that they were childish, unconvincing flights of whimsy that finally sealed the fate of a once-great television institution. The other is that they were when *Doctor Who* finally began to spread its wings and explore the grown-up worlds of allegory and satire. In the admittedly unlikely event of this dispute going to court, Graeme Curry's *The Happiness Patrol* would be seized upon as key evidence by both sides with equal vigour.

It is apparent from the outset that there is deliberately no attempt at visual realism in either the set or costume design. The opening scene, in which Silas P – a secret policeman dressed in symbolic trilby and macintosh –

ensnares a dissident, takes place on a park bench that is indoors; the whole environment is apparently a giant stage set. In fact the whole feel of the production is so theatrical that I would not have been remotely surprised if Silas had launched into a Dennis Potter-style big-band number about life as a government spook.

The setting is Terra Alpha, a human colony in the future, where misery is treasonable, and the law is enforced by the Happiness Patrol. Although "the planet of women" is a common science fiction stereotype-inversion, it had only really appeared in *Doctor Who* once before with the Drahvins of Galaxy 4, a ruthless bunch of synthetic leggy lovelies. The Happiness Patrol, although just as leggy, are conspicuously less lovely – in fact the senior Daisy K and Priscilla P come across like a pair of pantomime ugly sisters, with their husky voices and Barbara Cartlandesque dependence on heavy makeup.

So far so good. This blend of the camp and theatrical with the underlying menace of a totalitarian regime where disappearances are commonplace, yet the oppressors flout the law they uphold with impunity, is yet another of *Doctor Who*'s interesting juxtapositions of the improbable. Then we meet the chief torturer and executioner at the centre of things, who turns out to be a robot made of giant sweets like the man on the Licorice Allsorts box. The fact that his job is to both make delicious confectionary to delight the dictator, Helen A, and to torment her victims to death, is what finally pushes *The Happiness Patrol* into the realm of puerile children's television that insults the taste of the discerning viewer.

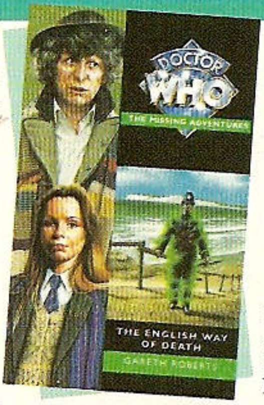
It's the deliberate decision to crowd *The Happiness Patrol* with the trappings of Saturday morning children's television that make it impossible to accept as adult drama. Although the gaudy colourings and playgroup decor of Helen A's palace could be attributed to her saccharine taste and inability to appreciate the melancholic, they also make it look like the kind of television studio where juvenile contestants are showered in gunk for failing general knowledge questions, rather than for seditious pessimism as here. And Ace, the Doctor's companion, is constrained by broadcasting standards to behave as rebellious teenagers do before the six o'clock news rather than more realistically after nine. Her bowlderised dialogue, such as "I wanna nail those scumbags" is acutely embarrassing.

There are witty, clever, and often well-realised set pieces, and the cast give it their best throughout, particularly Sylvester McCoy as a manic then contemplative Doctor, and Sheila Hancock as a memorably patronising Helen A. But when casual viewers flipped channels to see jokes at the dismal level of "Give me an A-flat", "Eh?", "No, A-flat" they must have switched back in droves. Undeniably *The Happiness Patrol* moves into brave new worlds that *Doctor Who* had not occupied before. Equally undeniably, and also unforgivably, it panders to cynics' worst prejudices regarding the juvenile depths to which the series could sink. Although fascinating on video as a historical document, I could not possibly recommend *The Happiness Patrol* to anyone seeking well-rounded entertainment.

The English Way of Death *by Gareth Roberts*

Julia had long ago dismissed religious faith from her life, but as she rested her eyes upon the occupant of the chair, a powerful primeval foreboding tugged at her stomach, warning of devils and unfathomably alien evil.

That the creature in the chair had once been a man she had no doubt. From a distance it might have looked like a man, clad as it was in the outer vestments of an English gentleman. But as it lifted its glowing green eyes to meet hers, and its heavy jowls cracked in a sickening rictus smile, Julia knew that she was in the presence of something inhuman.



THE ENGLISH WAY OF DEATH

Gareth Roberts' books are always easy to read. This one is equally easy to describe: If you liked the TV serial *City of Death*, then you'll love his latest *Missing Adventure*, *The English Way of Death* (ISBN 0 426 20466 2). His previous *Doctor Who* novels have perhaps been slightly spoiled by a mild excess of whimsical self-indulgence, but like his other *Missing Adventure*, *The Romance of Crime*, this one is set during *Doctor Who*'s seventeenth season, and fits in very well to a period when the programme's witty self-awareness reached a peak.

If *The Romance of Crime* was reminiscent of studio-set space operas such as *Nightmare of Eden* and *The Horns of Nimon*, then *The English Way of Death* is an homage to the more lavishly filmed metropolitan escapades of *City of Death* and *Shada*. The setting is England in the summer of 1930, which the Fourth Doctor, Romana and K9. They are visiting to return some library books. Stackhouse, a wealthy industrialist, has become mysteriously altered on a sabbatical to the seaside town of Nutchurch, and in London, Percy Closed and his group of carefree gin-quaffing socialites are clearly not what they seem. I soon found it hard to visualise Percy as anything other than Hugh Laurie's version of Bertie Wooster, and the book delightfully depicts the society norms of the day, as hinted at by such chapter titles as "Tea is Interrupted".

The period feel is enhanced by Phil Bevan's illustrations which are accompanied by captions culled from the text. Gareth's use of vocabulary throughout is rich, far eclipsing his earlier work, from his perfect assimilation of the vocal styles of the Doctor, Romana and K9 to the Thirties dialects of the other characters, even down to such delightful little touches as naming one of Stackhouse's confectionary products "Zanzibar Cracknell".

It's not all tea parties, of course. A time corridor has brought refugees from the far future to seek solace in this simpler time, along with an entity of overpowering intellect, up to the same sort of mischief as Omega, Sutekh and Scaroth before him. "Know the will of Zodaal" becomes his acolytes' catchphrase, rather as "Eldrad must live" punctuated *The Hand of Fear*. To investigate Zodaal, the Doctor and Romana go their separate ways as they often did on screen. The second Romana was frequently just as clever and self-assured as the Doctor, and so the role of subservient questioner had to be farmed out to bemused locals such as Duggan or Parsons. Here, Romana teams up with the crusty ex-colonial Colonel Radlett. My favourite sequence is their outing to Nutchurch, with K9 perched on the back-seat of his open-topped car, Radlett bemused by Romana's offhand otherworldliness, and she irritated by his nuptial ambitions towards her.

Unrequited love is a recurring theme in the book. The novelist Felicia Chater, author of the *Inspector Cawston Mysteries*, has moved in next door to Percy, and is soon smitten with him. He's having none of it, and by switching the point of view between them, the author gives a fascinating insight into their individual attitudes. Often, Gareth describes events from the characters' viewpoints like this, using their mode of speech wherever possible, providing a far more arresting narrative than a plain description of events would otherwise be.

The Missing Adventures exist between two extremes. At one, there are experimental books like *Time of Your Life* and *The Menagerie* in which characters who look and behave like the regulars from their periods of *Doctor Who* enact stories which could never imaginably have taken place on television. At the other, there is *The English Way of Death*, which is exactly what *Doctor Who* would have been like in 1979 if the stories had been a little longer. Gareth Roberts clearly knows what he likes. So do I; this is his best book yet.

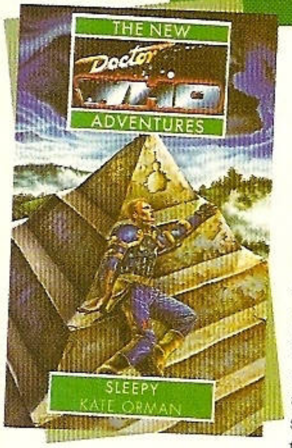
SLEEPY

Sleepy (ISBN 0 426 20465 4) is the latest bemusingly-titled *New Adventure* from Kate Orman, who I have have come to regard as the archetype of the new wave of *Doctor Who* fiction writers. I have always enjoyed *Doctor Who* writing and mainstream literary science fiction, but usually for completely different reasons. Only in Kate's books do I really find myself enjoying both at the same time. The captivating opening, in which the reader ponders whether the Doctor is awake or dreaming is suggestive of William Gibson's *Neuromancer* and, sure enough, later on when the Doctor is summarising his experience, he refers to that very title, implying that in the future the seminal cyberpunk novel will be as much a part of literary reference point as *The Tempest* or *Babes in the Wood*.

Sleepy *by Kate Orman*
The Doctor put a hand on her arm. "This really disturbs you, doesn't it?"

"You bet it does," she said furiously. "You hang on to your beliefs, you hang on to yourself, then someone comes up with the way to change all that. With a sodding cold germ!" He patted her arm, gingerly. "Do you ever get used to it ?"

"Getting taken over?" He laughed shortly. "Business as usual. If there's one thing I've learned in the last millenium or so, it's how to stay myself. You have to be able to do that when your face could be different tomorrow." He fingered the end of his paisley scarf. "That's one reason I like to wear roughly the same clothes, you know. It gives me a bit of stability. A bit of control."



Sleepy takes place in the future on the newly-settled human colony planet of Yemaya 4. The setting is reminiscent of *Kinda* or the *New Adventure, Lucifer Rising*, with edgy colonists, each with his or her own scientific or organisational speciality, stricken by a local blight that is causing friction between them. Their curse here is the random emergence of telepathic and telekinetic abilities in their midst, causing suspicion and paranoia for those unaffected and fear and guilt among the newly gifted.

Communication seems to be the dominant theme, and there are many kinds described here, including conventional verbal conversation, deaf and dumb sign language, the near-instantaneous chatter of machine intelligences, and the ultimate empathy of telepathy. *Sleepy* forced me to think in new and different ways about the impact of different forms of communication, and what an asset privacy can be.

The regulars are all handled well, but I would expect nothing less from an author whose work exemplifies the complex emotional repertoire of the *New Adventures*. "Angst" is a keyword, and the tense, involved interaction of the current TARDIS crew is a far cry from the straightforward cameraderie of their predecessors in *The English Way of Death*. Rather than that Doctor's glib assertion that he is threatened with death on a daily basis but manages to pull through somehow, the Doctor of the *New Adventures* is acutely aware that he is living on a knife edge and that something could go terribly wrong at any time. Kate retains her propensity for punishing our heroes, with broken limbs, flashbacks to earlier traumas, and tearful self-realisations being the order of the day. Although compelling, it's a far from comforting read.

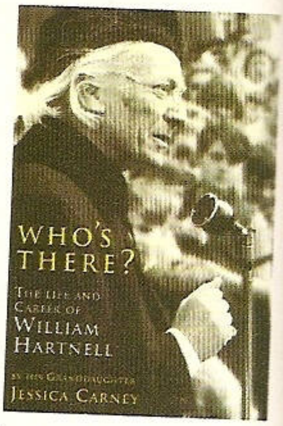
If there's a message here, it's that we should think before we act, rather than following orders blindly. The villain is not so much Colonel White – the commander of the miltary force that comes to brutally sort things out on Yemaya 4 – as the role that his job forces him to carry out. White is not his real name, just a code designation for his assignment, and when Kate shows us his decision-making processes in the first person we see that they are without a hint of madness, meglomania, or sadism; he is just the efficient executor of a morally unacceptable program.

Kate expends no energy in filling in extraneous details, or doing the reader's thinking on their behalf; we are expected to know what a laboratory looks like, and take the time to ponder the implications of what is taking place. One such implication, that a computer system may one day be able to read human minds and, if directed, pass on our secrets to those who can exploit them is utterly chilling, and alone makes *Sleepy* one of the most memorable *New Adventures* to date.

With a badly flawed pair of releases from BBC Video this month, it's a relief to see that both novels from Virgin demonstrate an imposing competence on the part of their authors. Just as *The English Way of Death* is delightful in its comforting evocation of *Doctor Who*'s former glories, so *Sleepy* deftly carves out new ones. Years ago, I was frustrated waiting for the next week's installment of *Doctor Who*. Now I feel the same way about the books.

WHO'S THERE?

Although he only appeared in the programme for three years, William Hartnell will forever be most clearly associated with *Doctor Who*. Despite not being released as a *Doctor Who* book *per se*, *Who's There* (ISBN 1 85227 514 6), a biography of the actor by his granddaughter Jessica Carney, will undoubtedly be read in the main by the series' fans. They will find it worthwhile provided they have a particular interest in the shaping of the man who was the series' first lead actor, or a more general desire to learn more about life, (particularly life in the theatre) earlier in the twentieth century.



Jessica is well-placed to tell the story, both through having access to the family's documents and photographs, and by having been seven years old when her grandfather played the Doctor. Bill, as he was known, is certainly accorded a respect that a more detached biographer might have lacked, but the author lets the facts speak for themselves. Hartnell had a rough start in life, from his illegitimate birth with its accompanying stigma, through a subsequent delinquent childhood. A boyhood mentor and guardian eventually set him on the right path, but he was left with an unpredictable temperament that is comprehensively documented.

The brief accounts of the dozens of plays and films in which Bill and his wife Heather appeared do become a little wearing, but this emphasises how small a part *Doctor Who* played near the end of a long career. Jessica has spoken to many of those Bill worked with on *Doctor Who* and they furnish new and often amusing recollections, especially Peter Purves.

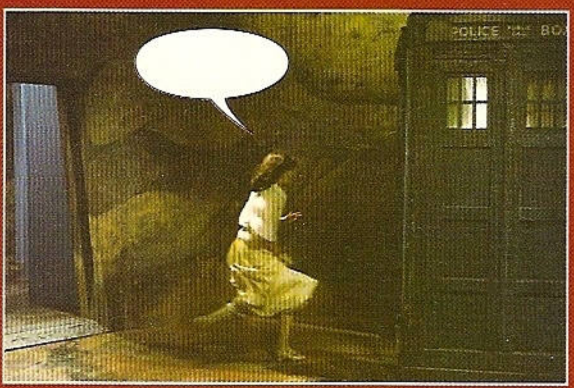
Having seldom seen Hartnell out of the character of the Doctor, it comes as a shock to learn he had so many human weaknesses. Aficonados might pick holes in this biography for its occasional slips with *Doctor Who* terminology but, like its subject, its heart seems to be in the right place. ◆

Crazy Caption!

Here is your chance to win one of FIVE copies of *Who's There?*, kindly donated by Virgin Books.

Just come up with the funniest caption you can to go with the picture shown below. The best five will win a book. We'll print a few of our favourites in a future issue.

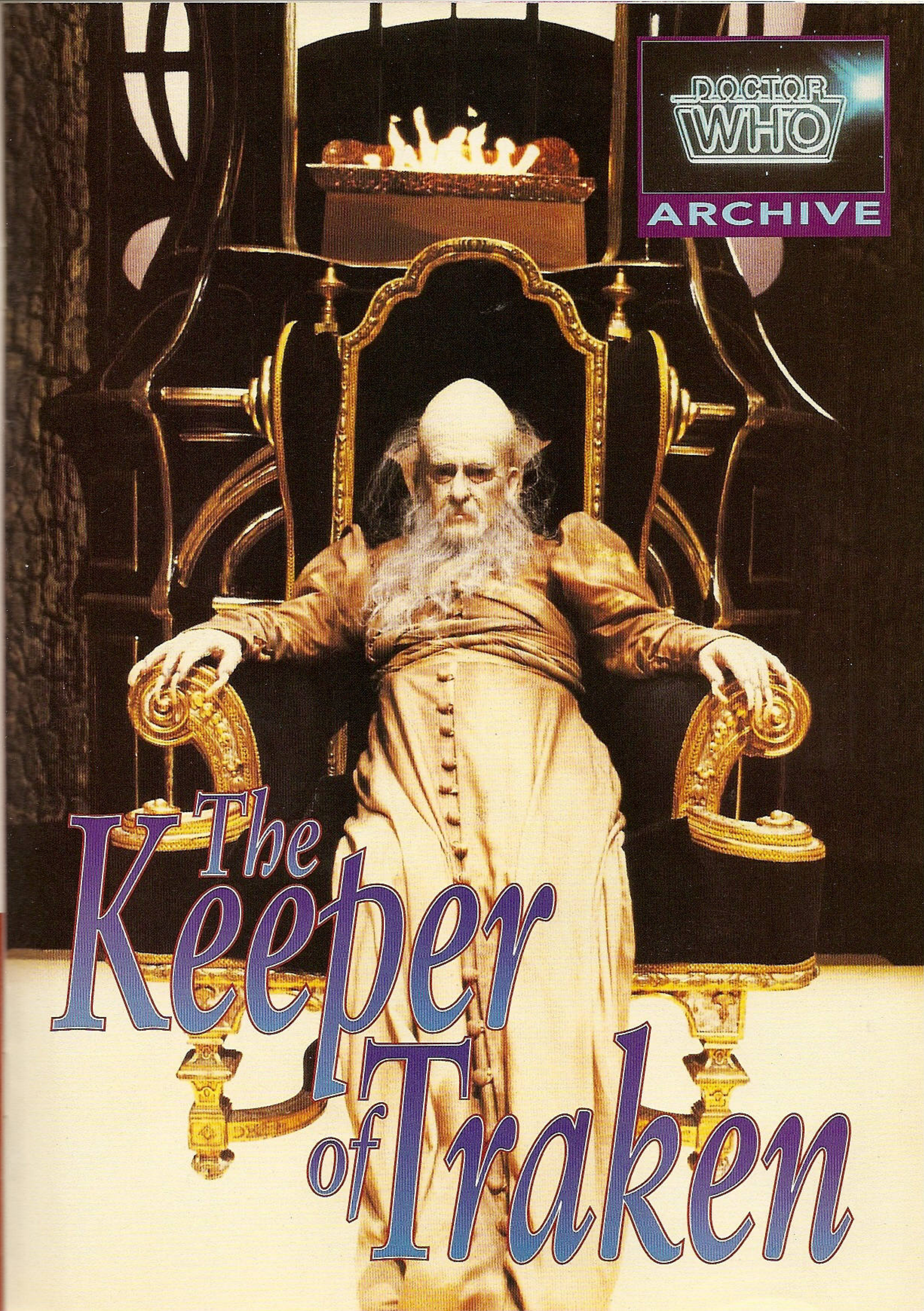
Send your entry on the back of a postcard to CRAZY CAPTION 236 at the editorial address on page three.



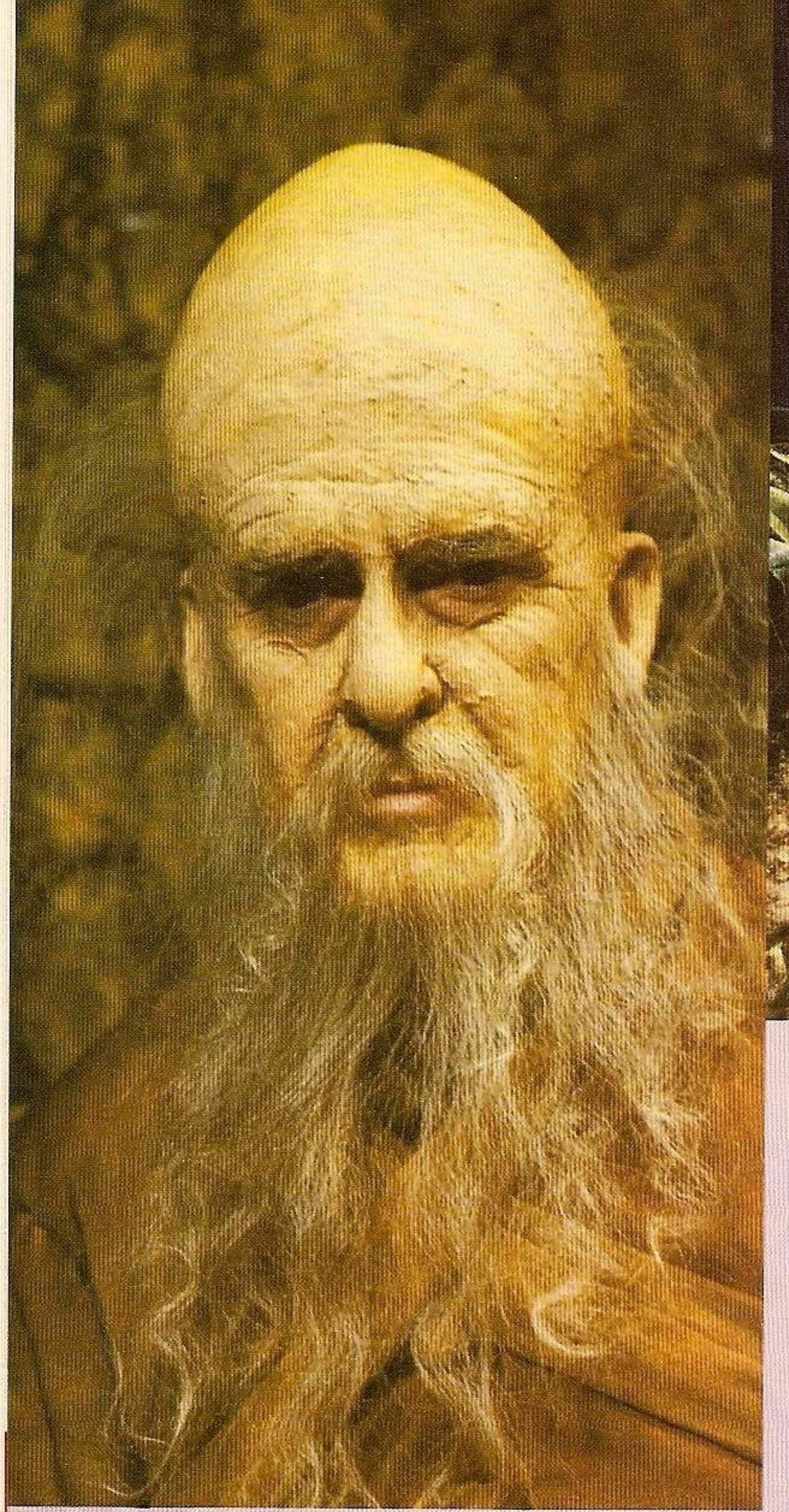
THEY MIGHT LOOK TOUGH, BUT THEY JUST *LOVE* HAVING THEIR TUMMIES TICKLED!

Crazy Caption 232 result
The excitement caused by the announcement of Paul McGann as the Eighth Doctor paled into insignificance here at Marvel Towers when the time came to judge this issue's Crazy Caption. The red BBC Hotline phone may have rung incessantly, with ever-more important information on the new *Doctor Who* production, but it was steadfastly ignored until we had completed the intricate voting procedure. The winner we eventually arrived at, despite interruptions from faxes and E-mails direct from America, was sent in by **B Dooley** from Crosby in Liverpool, but others to eclipse the news of the week included " . . . then you just close the air nozzle like this, and your inflatable Cyberman is ready for use!" from Mark Blunden of Bournemouth. Nurse, the screens.

DOCTOR WHO ARCHIVE



The Keeper of Traken



SYNOPSIS

PART ONE (drn: 24'05")
Having returned to N-space, the TARDIS materialises in the system Mettula Orionsis, near a world called Traken – the centre of an empire of peace and harmony. In the TARDIS, the Doctor and Adric receive a visitation from an old man in an ornate chair, the Keeper of Traken. The Keeper, who has kept peace for a thousand years, is nearing the end of his reign and has sensed an evil presence. He asks the Doctor for his help to prevent the danger. On the TARDIS' screen he shows the pair the recent wedding of two of his five Consuls, the widower Tremas and Kassia. The Doctor agrees to help.

On Traken, Kassia is upset that Tremas has been chosen as Keeper Nominate; he will, therefore, be taken away from her when the old Keeper dies. She tells her troubles to Melkur, an inanimate statue in the Grove which is reportedly the calcified remains of an evil spirit which had arrived on Traken many years past. The next day, one of the Fosters who patrol the Grove and the palace is found dead, and Tremas detects traces of a high energy source. He shares this information only with Seron, another Consul. Meanwhile, Melkur speaks to Kassia; she falls under its influence.

The TARDIS materialises in the Grove, and soon the Doctor and Adric are captured by Proctor Neman and his Fosters. The Consuls decide to summon the Keeper and ask for his help in identifying the new arrivals, whom they treat with suspicion. In the Grove, red beams from Melkur's eyes cause the TARDIS to vanish – causing the Consuls to disbelieve the Doctor's explanation of their arrival.

Placing their crystal rings in the base of the glass chamber in the inner sanctum, the five Consuls summon the Keeper. Melkur is on the move, watching over the doors at the back of the sanctum. His presence is detected only by the Keeper, who gasps "Evil, infinite evil" before vanishing, a remark which the Fosters and Consuls assume is directed at the Doctor and Adric . . .

PART TWO (drn: 24'50")
The Doctor and Adric are accused of being creatures of Melkur by Kassia, but the pair are befriended by Tremas who realises that the Doctor is a fellow scientist. Tremas claims consular privilege and takes the pair into his own custody – with his life forfeit to their behaviour. Kassia finds the bodies of two Fosters killed by Melkur, which she hides.

Next morning the Doctor and Adric meet Nyssa, Tremas' daughter from his first marriage. They learn that the Keeper is dedicated to the control of the Source, the bioelectronic system which keeps the balance of harmony in the empire. Kassia is given further instructions to end the Keepership by Melkur, and attempts to show that by withholding information, Tremas is not fit to be Keeper Nominate. Seron says that Tremas confided in him, and offers to undergo rapport with the Keeper to show the truth.

The Doctor and Tremas go to examine Melkur, and gain illicit entrance to the Grove via a secret vault beneath the Keeper's chamber. They see Kassia leaving the Grove in a trance, now wearing a necklet given to her by Melkur. Passing the Source Manipulator, the Doctor uses the TARDIS' homing device to deduce that his ship is displaced in a time curve.

Adric analyses the energy emissions Tremas detected and finds that they are the same as those of a TARDIS. Seron submits to rapport with the Keeper; the Keeper knows he is innocent. However, Kassia has been waiting for Seron; possessed by Melkur, her eyes blaze red with bolts of light which kill him.

The Doctor and Tremas have built a fold-back flow inducer to regain the TARDIS, and the police box reappears in the Grove. Suddenly the Melkur addresses them as Kassia arrives; she stuns Tremas. The Fosters catch the three fugitives in an electronic net; Melkur tells Kassia that it is only the beginning . . .

PART THREE (drn: 23'49")
The Doctor, Adric and Tremas are placed in a cell in the penal wing pending their execution. The remaining Consuls, Katura and Luvic, decide that Kassia should be the new Keeper Nominate, unwittingly in accordance with Melkur's plan. Melkur knows the Doctor of old, and wants him dead. Nyssa, overhearing Kassia and Melkur, obtains an ion bonder which she uses as a weapon to stun the Fosters and so release her father, the Doctor, and Adric.

The Doctor's party hides in Tremas' quarters where they study plans of the Source Manipulator. The Doctor forms a plan to destroy it by using a servo shut-off, and the group head for the TARDIS to build one. The flame in the Sanctum fails, indicating that the Keeper is dying. As he dies, storms lash Traken; the ensuing chaos saves the Doctor's group from ambush by Neman and the Fosters. Kassia arrives in the Sanctum and takes her place as the new Keeper. Order is restored and Melkur dematerialises from the Grove; the statue is a TARDIS housing the emaciated form of a renegade Time Lord, the Master.

Adric and Nyssa secure the TARDIS while the Doctor and Tremas reach the Sanctum in time to see Kassia twist in agony and vanish; Melkur materialises in her place in the Keeper's chair . . .

PART FOUR (drn: 25'11")
Melkur takes control of Traken and has the Consuls and the Doctor confined to quarters. Its orders are carried out by the corrupt Neman – who wears a necklet and has a consular key ring. In the TARDIS, Adric and Nyssa build the servo shut-off which will destroy the Source and thus consume Melkur.

Elsewhere, the Doctor and Tremas plan a way to activate the Source's Ultimate Sanction program against the Keeper. To do this, they must enter the Sanctum and need a ring to crack the Consular code. Melkur is still not in full control, despite destroying Tremas' plans of the Source. Overpowering Neman, the Doctor and Tremas seize his ring and head for the Sanctum.

The Doctor is only three digits away from cracking the code when Melkur appears in the Sanctum and assumes control of those present. The Doctor enters the Keeper's chamber, vanishing with the Melkur. He finds himself in the presence of the Master, who aims to steal the Doctor's body and mind; having reached the the end of his twelfth regeneration, the Master has arrived at the limit of his natural lifespan.

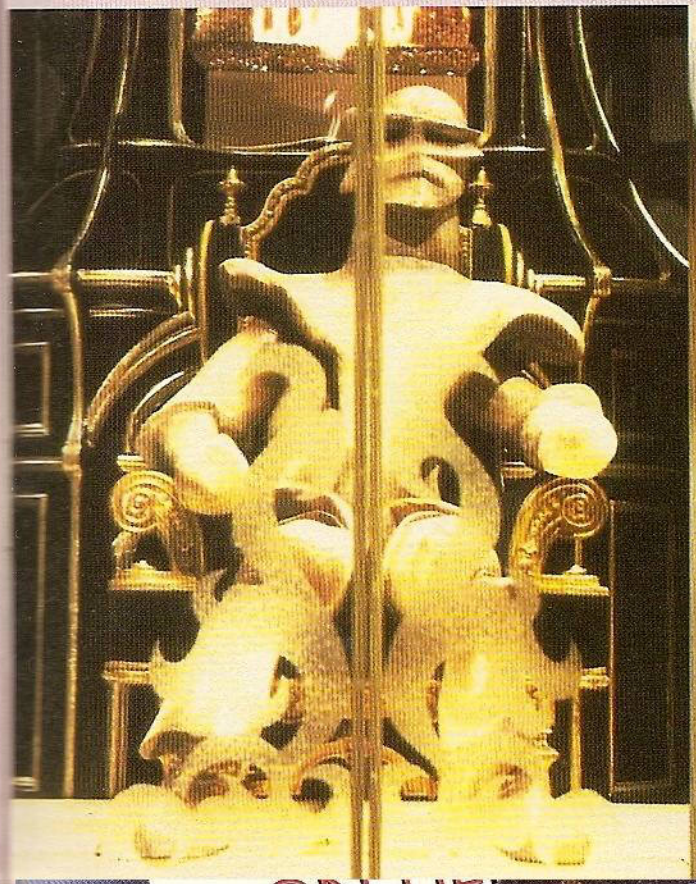
Nyssa and Adric connect the shut-off element which sends the Source wild. As chaos reigns in the Master's TARDIS, the Doctor escapes and Melkur is consumed by the Source. Appearing in the chamber, he is released when Adric completes the code; Luvic takes over as Keeper, bringing peace to Traken. After the Doctor and Adric have left in the TARDIS, Tremas finds a grandfather clock in the Sanctum. From it emerges the Master who possesses Tremas's body, to regain a younger form. His TARDIS dematerialises as Nyssa enters the Sanctum.

Opposite page, far left:
The Keeper of Traken (Denis Carey).

Left:
Kassia (Sheila Ruskin) reports back to the Melkur statue in the Grove.

Below left:
The Melkur statue takes control of the Source.

Below:
The Doctor (Tom Baker)
Photos © BBC Video



PRODUCTION

Script editor Christopher Bidmead had met writer and poet Johnny Byrne in the early Seventies, but had failed to realise that Byrne had television writing experience. Seeking new writers in early 1980, he tracked him down again and invited him to write for *Doctor Who*.

Byrne was born in Dublin in 1935, coming to England in 1955 to work at a factory in Wigan. Moving to Southport, he became involved with an artistic crowd of beatniks, poets and jazz musicians, started performing himself and shared a house with the Beatles. In 1966, Byrne went to London to perform in clubs with such groups as Pink Floyd, and the following year co-wrote the underground pop novel *Groupie*. As his writing took off in Britain and America, he was asked to help devise a replacement for Gerry Anderson's television series *UFO*; this became *Space: 1999*, on which Byrne worked as both a writer and script editor. In 1976, Byrne wrote some episodes of BBC series *All Creatures Great and Small*, and discussed writing for *Doctor Who* with first Philip Hinchcliffe and Robert Holmes, and later Graham Williams and Douglas Adams. When John Nathan-Turner – an ex-*All Creatures* alumni – became producer in December 1979, he contacted Byrne to ask him to be his script editor. Not wishing to leave Norfolk for London, Byrne declined.

On meeting Bidmead, Byrne was again full of ideas; Bidmead hoped to see a return to stories where events happened around the Doctor rather than being instigated by him. The key concept behind Byrne's initial storyline, *The Keeper of Traken*, was the notion of millenialism: apocalyptic events which occur on the cusp of every thousand years. He was also intrigued by a contemporary news story; a country's leader was reportedly about to die, causing upheaval across the state. In Byrne's story, this would be the Time of Dissolution, a time when dark powers threatened the planet Traken when the Keeper of the Source – a sacred core of energy – came to the end of his thousand year reign. Traken was devised as a medieval society, whose Court of the Keeper was the scene of a power struggle between the liberal, science-seeking Greys and the fanatical, warrior-monk Blacks. These two factions were led by the aristocratic Grey, Hellas, and the Inquisitor General Zorca, of the Blacks. Zorca uses forbidden occult practices to summon up a being called Mogen – whom Zorca believes is a demon – to help him to become the next Keeper.

Part One's storyline was very similar to the transmitted version. Summoned by the Keeper, the Doctor and Adric arrive in a forbidden region of the Court to be arrested; the disembodied voice of Mogen (later renamed Melkur) orders Zorca to execute them. The climax of the episode was the Council of Inquisition at which the Doctor and Adric are sentenced to death.

In Part Two, Hellas invokes a little-known law to take the Doctor and Adric into his custody. Hellas takes the Doctor to the Grove of the Keeper, a double-seated chamber amid the throbbing energy source. Hellas suspects Zorca's intentions, but can prove nothing. Zorca sets a trap for Adric and frames the youth for murder, proclaiming a sentence of death upon the Doctor, Adric and Hellas. The cliffhanger would have shown the trio on the verge of being crushed to death between two slabs of hydraulically compressed steel (similar to the cliffhanger to *Meglos* Part Three).

At the start of Part Three, news that the Keeper is about to die saves the group; Zorca is called away to attend the selection of a successor by the High Council. Imprisoned in the dungeons, the Doctor's party receive a visitation from the dying Keeper who urges the Doctor to confront the evil. In the Grove, one of the elders goes into a trance to select the new Keeper, but the Mogen's powers cause him to choose Zorca. Hellas' daughter, Nyssa, arrives with some Greys to release the trio from the dungeons, but they are too late to prevent Zorca from taking over as Keeper. In turn, Zorca is replaced by Mogen – whom the Doctor recognises as a crazed outcast from a long-dead galactic super-race.

Taking control of the Blacks in Part Four, Mogen has the Doctor's group attacked by both his minions and also by his mental powers, causing rockfalls and molten swamps. Reaching the TARDIS, the Doctor discovers that its time mechanism has been stolen, and promptly vanishes, reappearing in the presence of Mogen. Mogen plans to use both the Source and the Black's fanaticism to conquer other planets, and has created a time disintegrator from the stolen TARDIS mechanism which he aims to use on the Doctor. With the help of Hellas, Nyssa and Adric, the Doctor battles to turn the Source itself against Mogen.

Byrne was commissioned around early June to develop this storyline as a four-part story which would be the penultimate serial of Season Eighteen. However, as the summer progressed, Nathan-Turner and Bidmead started to craft the end of the season, which they knew would lead up to the Doctor's regeneration. A group of linked stories were required to cover this period; Nathan-Turner also wanted to bring back the Master, believing that every popular hero should have an arch-enemy. The Master had last been seen in *The Deadly Assassin* in 1976, itself a brief attempt to revive the character after the tragic death of actor Roger Delgado in 1973. In bringing the Master back in something resembling his original form, there would have to be a story to chart the change from the wizened, dying form seen in *The Deadly Assassin* into Nathan-Turner's vision for his thirteenth incarnation: a striking villain with less humour than Delgado's version.

Since the situation outlined in *The Keeper of Traken* seemed ripe for the Master – or another renegade Time Lord – to exploit, it was decided to reintroduce him in Byrne's serial. Bidmead worked the statue form of the Master's TARDIS in as Melkur, and had Byrne rewrite sections of the script so that Melkur became more like the Master. Byrne complied, respecting Bidmead's work on his storyline. Part One was delivered Thursday 14th August, Part Two on Tuesday 19th August, Part Three on Thursday 28th August and Part Four on Friday 29th August. After submitting these scripts, Byrne then went on holiday to Greece, granting Nathan-Turner and Bidmead *carte blanche* to rewrite his scripts as necessary.

Right:
The Keeper (Denis Carey) and Consul Luvic (Robin Soans)
Photo © BBC Video

With Byrne's scripts delivered, Bidmead set about rewriting them. Hellas was renamed Tremas (an anagram of 'Master') and Zorca became Kassia. Other elements added by Bidmead included the use of the spherical TARDIS homing device used by the Doctor in *Full Circle* Part Two, and also Adric's remark in Part Four that nothing is able to enter the TARDIS when the doors are closed "in theory" (a stage note commenting that he is recalling both the Keeper in Part One of the story and also Biroc in the preceding story, *Warriors' Gate*). He also retained continuity with the Doctor's comment that the TARDIS was supposed to be returning to Gallifrey, answering the summons established at the end of *Meglos*.

Other small changes would be made in Bidmead's version of the scripts. In Part One, upon being surrounded by the armed Fosters in the courtyard, the Doctor was to comment: "It's another one of those. I wonder what we've done this time?" In the following scene, a warning bell sounds in the Inner Sanctum and the Consuls turn towards the door, which Seron then opens with his ring allowing Neman to enter. Katura's reasoning that the Consuls would have been informed if the Doctor and Adric were known to the Keeper was inserted at a later date.

Part Two also had minor changes. On hearing that Kassia has tended the Melkur since she was a child, the Doctor comments: "Out of the mouths of babies . . ." Originally, the Melkur statue was to kill three Fosters on entering the courtyard instead of two, and in Tremas' quarters, the Doctor describes the TARDIS to Nyssa as "a sort of blue box thing with doors and . . . corners at all the . . . well, corners." The scene continued with the Doctor telling Adric, "I've never been a great advocate of unquestioning obedience, Adric old chap. But why not give it a go for a change?" as he tried to persuade the youth to remain with Nyssa, thereby not putting Tremas' life in any more risk.

To Part Four was added Adric's explanation to Nyssa of the TARDIS' dimensionally transcendental properties. In the Head of the Statue, the Master was described as "a shrivelled crippled creature of vast antiquity". It was intended that, in the Sanctum, those present would see the image of the Doctor and Melkur flashing in alternate phases. On Wednesday 24th September, Bidmead accepted the scripts himself as being suitable for production. At this point, it was not intended to have a break in transmission over the Christmas period, and it was scheduled to run from Saturday 17th January to Saturday 7th February, 1981.

Assigned to direct the serial was John Black, a Scots BBC staff director who had worked on shows such as *Softly, Softly: Task Force*. Black was suggested to Nathan-Turner by one of the two costume designers on Season Eighteen, Amy Roberts. Roberts was the costume designer on *The Keeper of Traken*, her fourth serial for *Doctor Who* since *Image of the Fendahl* in 1977. Make-up was handled by Norma Hill who had worked on *State of Decay* some months earlier. The set designer, new to *Doctor Who*, was Tony Burrough, who had studied sculpture at Camberwell Art School and worked in the USA for a design consultancy before joining the BBC in 1974. Black requested a cross between an Elizabethan style and *art nouveau* design; he was inspired by the works of the modernist artist Gustav Klimt and Spanish architect Gaudi. In charge of visual effects was Peter Logan, this his second credit after the previous year's *Destiny of the Daleks*.

Casting for the serial started in early September, with the role of Kassia being offered to Francesca Annis – the star of LWT's *Lillie* – on Friday 12th September. This role eventually went to Sheila Ruskin who had been prominent in the BBC drama *The Mackenzies*. The role of Nyssa went to eighteen-year-old Sarah Sutton, a former child actress who had studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. After three seasons on stage in *Winnie-the-Pooh*, Sutton had given a notable performance in an episode of the anthology *Menace* in 1973, and played the lead in a BBC version of *Alice Through the Looking Glass* the same year. She had also taken the lead in Bryan Hayles' supernatural drama *The Moon Stallion* in 1978. On returning from a holiday abroad, Sutton read for Black and Nathan-Turner at Threshold House, and was contracted for four episodes as Nyssa.

RE-MASTERED

To play the new Master, actor Anthony Ainley was selected by Nathan-Turner, who recalled his performance as Emelius in the BBC's 1974 adaptation of Anthony Trollope's *The Pallisers* (on which Nathan-Turner had worked). Ainley had also appeared as Sir Mulberry Hawk in a 1977 adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby* for executive producer Barry Letts which the actor believed led to him being offered a twelve episode/three story contract as the Master/Tremas.

Ainley had been acting since the age of eleven, and after a spell as an insurance clerk, studied at RADA and worked at the Liverpool Rep, graduating via fringe theatre to the West End. His television debut came with a starring role in Granada's 1965 thriller *It's Dark Outside*, after which his television work included *Elizabeth R*, *Secret Army* and *Target*; he also starred in ATV's *Spyder's Web*. Film credits included *Oh! What a Lovely War*, *Assault* and *The Land That Time Forgot*. The actor was keen to inject some humour into the new Master, but Nathan-Turner wanted to keep this in check. The actor was offered a chance to view some of the Roger Delgado episodes but, although keen, never actually saw the programmes.

The character of Nyssa had caught the attention of Nathan-Turner and Bidmead. She had been developed in Byrne's original script as a young person that Adric could relate to (her name was a contraction of 'Nerissa', the name of an acquaintance of Byrne's). Originally she was to be extremely sensitive, with powers almost akin to extra-sensory perception. Such an extra character would help to bridge the gap across the Doctor's regeneration even more, and so Byrne was later contacted and asked if it would be possible to retain Nyssa as a new companion (albeit maybe a short-term one). Byrne agreed; copyright on the character remaining with him, meaning that he received a small payment from every episode featuring Nyssa, and a received a percentage of any merchandise featuring the character. Another new companion called Tegan had in fact been created as far back as the summer, appearing in a version of the *Doctor Who* Writers' Guide issued on Monday 11th August.

Bidmead's rewrites continued in the lead-up to recording. On Monday 29th September, the courtyard scene between Nyssa and Adric in Part Two was extended; the gate to the grove would now be locked, requiring Adric to use Nyssa's brooch to pick the lock.

The part of Katura, the older female Consul, was offered to veteran actress Mary Morris, star of *A for Andromeda*, on Wednesday 1st October; when she declined it was offered to Betty Hardy on Monday 13th October (Morris later played Panna in *Kinda*). The part of Katura eventually went to Margot Van Der Burgh, who had played Cameca in the 1964 serial *The Aztecs*.

Below:
Tom Baker poses with the Melkur statue.
Photo © BBC Video

Philip Locke, who had appeared in ATV's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, was asked to play Seron, but declined (he later played Bigon in *Four to Doomsday*). Seron was played instead by *Doctor Who* veteran John Woodnutt, who had previously appeared as Hibbert in *Spearhead from Space*, as the Draconian Emperor in *Frontier in Space* and as both Broton and the Duke of Forgill in *Terror of the Zygons*. Other cast members with *Doctor Who* experience included Denis Carey, who played the Keeper of Traken himself, and Geoffrey Beevers, who was to play the dying Master. Carey had been Professor Chronotis in the aborted *Shada* one year earlier, whereas Beevers – the husband of actress Caroline John, who had played companion Liz Shaw – had been Private Johnson in Episode 7 of *The Ambassadors of Death* ten years earlier and was now hired primarily for his vocal skills.

The rewrites continued on Friday 3rd October when the goodbye scene in the

Sanctum at the end of Part Four was lengthened, as was the subsequent scene in the TARDIS Console Room in which the Doctor still referred to the Master as Melkur. Also rewritten was the final scene of all where the Master takes over Tremas, commenting: "So . . . a physical body at last . . ."

On Tuesday 7th October, the intended debut serial for the new Doctor, *Project 4G* by John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch, was commissionned; it was to retain the character of Nyssa. Thus Sutton was contracted again on Thursday 9th October for an option on a further twelve episodes up to June 1981, and a possible option of another sixteen of twenty (later sixteen of eighteen, accounting for her absence from much of *Kinda*) up to December 1981. The actress had costume fittings for her new character on Monday 13th and Thursday 30th October.

Rehearsals began on Saturday 25th October, two days after Janet Fielding had been announced as joining the show as Tegan – and the day after news of Tom Baker's departure from the show had been leaked. Baker and Matthew Waterhouse had had a four week break since the completion of *Warriors' Gate*, during which time Waterhouse's hair had grown sufficiently for him to no longer have to wear a wig as Adric. (The young actor made appearances on *Multi Coloured Swap Shop* and *Top of the Pops* at this time, promoting his debut as Adric.) During rehearsals at Acton, rewrites continued; on Tuesday 28th October, Part Two's sequences with the Doctor, Tremas and Adric in the courtyard were extended.

Right, above: Robin Soans as Consul Luvic.

Below: Margot Van Der Burgh as Consul Katura. Photos © BBC Video

In the revised *Doctor Who* Writers' Guide issued on Thursday 30th October, Bidmead had fleshed out a page of notes which he had requested from Byrne on Nyssa, whose age was given as eighteen. Her character would be a useful adjunct to Adric's impulsiveness and Tegan's fiery spirit, and she would have an abiding belief in the essential goodness of everything (such as her belief that the Master is still the father she loves in *Logopolis*). The Drama Early Warning Synopsis on the serial was issued on Friday 31st October.

INTO STUDIO

The Keeper of Traken's first recording block took place in Television Centre Studio 6 from Wednesday 5th to Friday 7th November, with taping on the evening of the first day and afternoons and evenings of the remaining two days. During the first day's supper break, Nathan-Turner informed Sutton that the option on her extended contract was being taken out, and she was now one of the regular cast. Since all Traken women were meant to have tightly curled hair, Sutton found that her performance days as Nyssa would start with her naturally straight hair being put in curlers for some time beforehand.

Recording began with the scenes in the courtyard outside the Grove. Throughout the serial, the Melkur statue was operated by extra Graham Cole (later a regular on *The Bill*); its eyes were illuminated by a power cable which trailed behind it out of sight. The moulded plastic Melkur statue costume was a collaboration between Burrough and Roberts, and was designed along the lines of a 1913 bronze statue by Italian sculptor Umberto Boccioni – *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space* – which was then on display in the Tate Gallery.

There were problems with the scene in which Kassia had to drag the dead Fosters into hiding in Part Two; one of the extras was too heavy for the actress to move. Also recorded was some dialogue from Van Der Burgh which Adric would later hear from inside the Grove when those scenes were recorded the next day.

After the courtyard, work shifted to the TARDIS console room for the rest of the evening, taping all the scenes for Parts One and Four in sequence. The opening scenes in which the Keeper appeared and vanished required recording breaks with a locked-off camera to move Carey (who wore a time-consuming make-up with a large, bald latex head and long fingernails) and his chair on, off and around the set. The narration over the scanner scenes was then recorded by Carey, along with shots of the empty blue CSO scanner into which images would later be inserted. As marks of continuity, Romana's hat from *City of Death* and the Doctor's coat from The *Talons of Weng-Chiang* could be seen on the TARDIS hatstand.

Recording on Thursday 6th comprised all the scenes in the Grove, generally taped in order. The scene of Kassia on her wedding night was done first, allowing Ruskin to change out of the wedding gown. Beevers provided the off-screen voice of the "Old Master" (as the recording schedule referred to him). A plan to use CSO to cause the TARDIS to vanish in Part One was abandoned and replaced by a simple video edit, with a red video effect added later on. Several shots were recorded using a high angle molecrane camera, showing scenes to be played back on the screens of the Master's TARDIS from Melkur's point of view. Ruskin also wore a necklet which glowed red, reflecting coloured light off Front Axial Projection material. During camera rehearsals, BBC photographers took publicity shots, concentrating on Sarah Sutton as the new companion.

After the Part Two scene of Adric meeting the Doctor and Tremas, a recording break was scheduled and the CSO model shot of the TARDIS spinning in space in Part One was taped – mixing the TARDIS model with images of the Traken planetary system and a starscape. Recording in the Grove then continued up to Kassia's attack on Tremas at the end of Part Two, whereupon Ruskin went to make-up to have a special mascara added to her eyelids. In the meantime, a CSO shot of Melkur arriving on Traken was taped for Part One. Ruskin returned to the set to act out the attack with her eyes closed, allowing the make-up to pick up the FAP light. The Grove scenes continued, and once Ruskin had performed all her scenes she underwent another make-up and costume change. The final scene taped that evening was that of Kassia as an eighteen-year-old, with the Grove set tidied up and the crossfade of Melkur's arrival also recorded.

On Friday 7th, recording began with the scenes in Tremas' quarters for Parts Two to Four, with a recording break mid-way through the scenes in Part Three to reset the room for its appearance post-ransacking. CSO was used for a cutaway shot of Tremas extracting the blueprints of the Source Manipulator from his atmosphere safe (Ainley reached into a strongly lit hole against a CSO background shown over the wall set). More breaks were scheduled for the scene where Melkur appeared in Part Four, allowing roll-back-and-mix effects for him appearing and vanishing and a cutaway of the plans burning in a dummy prop of Neman's hand.

With the scenes in Tremas' room complete, the set elements were rearranged and redressed to form

Left: Tom Baker, Matthew Waterhouse and Anthony Ainley relaxing during camera rehearsals. Photo © BBC Video

Seron's more austere quarters for a single scene in Part Two. The remainder of the evening was then spent on corridor scenes for Parts Three and Four; Burrough had designed the corridor elements so that they could be reconfigured to represent different parts of the palace.

The second studio block occupied Studio TC8 from Friday 21st to Sunday 23rd November. On the first day, another publicity session was held for Sarah Sutton on the Sanctum set, along with a photocall for Baker and Ainley – the latter still as Tremas. That day and the next were primarily devoted to all the scenes set in the Keeper's Sanctum and the Sanctum Antechamber. Recording started with the scenes for Parts One and Two, with recording breaks to position the Keeper in shot and to allow Ruskin to have her eyes made up with FAP material again for the death of Seron in Part Two. During this scene, a shaft of white light was superimposed from another camera as Seron went into rapport with the Keeper. Recording for the day concluded with the first couple of scenes for Part Three set in the Sanctum with Kassia being appointed Keeper Nominate.

Saturday 22nd began with the final scene of Part Three in which Kassia vanishes from the glass chamber to be replaced with Melkur, after which the rest of the scenes in the Keeper's Sanctum were recorded for Part Four. For the scene in which Melkur attempted to make Tremas shoot himself, a fine wire was attached to the gun to yank it suddenly from Ainley's hand on cue. In the climactic scenes, a vortex machine of water containing polystyrene chips had been prepared by Peter Logan, and would, on cue, inlay a tornado effect into the scene as the wind whipped through the Sanctum. Unfortunately, the machine broke down shortly before recording and there was no time available to effect repairs. Wind machines were used and some panels were rigged to explode. After this, two scenes set in the Sanctum Antechamber for Part Three were taped, along with the Doctor and Tremas entering the Sanctum in Part Four. The final scene was recorded next, Ainley's final scene for the day as Tremas and the first to feature Beevers as the Master. Only the first half of the scene was recorded, after which Ainley went to undergo a make-up change.

The Master's costume from *The Deadly Assassin* was found in a props box in a Brentford warehouse where it was about to be junked. The mask was reworked for Beevers to wear, removing the static eyes and so give more expression to the performance, but the make-up still took two hours. The TARDIS grandfather clock was the same as the one seen at the end of *The Deadly Assassin*, but its interior was rebuilt to allow Beevers to emerge and Ainley to enter.

While Ainley was being made up, the remaining scenes in the Sanctum Antechamber and the Keeper's Sanctum for Part Three which did not require Tremas were recorded, with Ainley then returning as the new Master to record the end of the locked-off regeneration shot from earlier on. As the Master, Ainley wore a false beard and moustache, and donned Roberts' new costume for the villain; a two piece suit in mock black velvet, vaguely based on the Traken design, with gold brocade around the collar.

The final studio day, Sunday 22nd, was set aside for all the scenes in the Service Vault for Parts Two and Four, the scenes in the Head of Melkur (ie, the Master's TARDIS) for the last three episodes and the scenes set in the cell for Part Three. Unfortunately, a lightning "mini-strike" was called, and no recording was possible. It was clear that Nathan-Turner and Black would have to organise a further studio day to remount and complete the serial.

A gallery-only day to add video effects to the recorded material was held on Wednesday 26th November: added elements included the red bolts from Melkur's eyes which caused the TARDIS to vanish in Part One and killed the Fosters in Part Two, the beam fired by Nyssa's ion bonder (which was green in some shots, purple in others), the electronic charge over the Fosters' net at the end of Part Two, the regeneration of the Master, and placing recorded material from other scenes into the TARDIS scanner screen. The same day, another photocall for the three new companions on the show – Waterhouse, Sutton and Fielding – was held; the group were in costume apart from Fielding who sported a standard air hostess uniform.

In the midst of the filming for the following serial, *Logopoplis*, a studio day was found for the remount of *The Keeper of Traken*. This took place in TC6 on Wednesday 17th December 1980 (some of the crew were slightly different to the earlier recordings). Baker, Ainley, Waterhouse and Sutton returned to Television Centre for a single day to record the serial's outstanding sequences. Some of the model effects shots for Part One were also re-recorded on this day. The scenes in the Head of Melkur made use of two colour monitors, onto which all the point-of-view shots already recorded were played back. This set incorporated TARDIS roundels on a black wall, and one of the walls was a lightweight dummy for the Doctor to jump through and make his escape as the Master's controls blow up.

During editing, various scenes were cut to make the episodes fit their twenty-five minute slots. Part One lost the start of the second TARDIS scene in which the Doctor is trying to prop up his wobbling hatstand and talking of placing books under all its legs, while Adric studies the console and comments that they have gone into orbit. The Doctor's references to Capability Brown as he and Adric survey the overgrown Grove on the TARDIS scanner were also deleted. Part Four lost several short scenes. A sequence of the Doctor and the Consuls being marched out of the Sanctum across the courtyard was cut, eliminating establishing dialogue in which Tremas tells the Doctor about the Ultimate Sanction, a way in which the Consuls have the authority to cancel the existence of an unfit Keeper. However, as they near his room, Tremas explains that they will need all five rings and the consent of the Keeper. Also dropped was a brief scene of the Doctor and Tremas clearing the residential quarter to reach the courtyard, and Neman finding one of the Fosters stunned moments earlier by the Doctor in a doorway off a corridor. A short scene of Adric and Nyssa taking the servo shut-off through the Grove was also cut.

A FRESH SOUND

A second gallery-only day was held in TC6 on Tuesday 6th January 1981 to complete the serial. On the finished episodes and in the *Radio Times*, Beevers was credited as Melkur to keep the return of the Master a surprise. In the final edit, the last shots of Part One were not those used in the reprise for Part Two.

Although it had been planned that Peter Howell and Paddy Kingsland would score the whole of Season Eighteen between them, recordings had caught up with transmission and a third composer from the Radiophonic Workshop was needed. Howell was still working on *Warriors' Gate* and, having finished *Full Circle*, Kingsland was now having to give priority to scoring *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, which was being recorded for an early January transmission.

Brian Hodgson, the head of the Workshop, recommended Roger Limb to Nathan-Turner. Limb had joined the Workshop in 1972 after studying music at university, teaching music, playing in a jazz group, being a television announcer and working as a studio manager with BBC Belfast, BBC Birmingham and the Overseas Service. It was Kingsland who had told Limb about the opportunity to join the Workshop where his work had included schools radio programmes, *Omnibus* and *The World About Us*. In total, Limb created about thirty-one minutes of music for the serial.

The Keeper of Traken was broadcast at 5.10pm on BBC1 on four consecutive Saturdays from 31st January 1981, heralded by a Back Page feature in the *Radio Times* on Thursday 29th January entitled 'Fairy Sarah Joins The Doctor'. Alongside a photograph of

Nyssa, the piece introduced Sarah Sutton as a new regular cast member and explained the nickname her *"Midsummer Night's Dream"* Traken costume had earned her. Another shot of Sutton accompanied the programme listing in the magazine for the final episode three weeks later.

On the morning of Saturday 31st January, Sutton also appeared on *Multi Coloured Swap Shop*, having completed work on *Logopolis* a week earlier. She chatted to several viewers about *Doctor Who* and *The Moon Stallion*, and then preempted the Master's return by setting a swap question about which Time Lord had a weapon that could reduce a person to the size of a doll. The prizes she donated included Romana's sonic screwdriver from *The Horns of Nimon*, a segment of the Key to Time signed by Baker, and the servo shut-off prop from *The Keeper of Traken*. After this, an extract of Nyssa with Neman and Adric from Part Two of the serial was shown (Nyssa only had one line of dialogue in that evening's Part One).

Although ratings for the serial were lower than those for *Warriors' Gate*, they were still higher than for the episodes transmitted before Christmas. The Reaction Index for Part Four was also reasonable, although only Part One was in the Top 100 programmes for the week. *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* was only networked opposite Part One, as from Saturday 7th February it was moved back to 5.40pm (after *Doctor Who*). The serial now started five minutes into a new game show, *Punchlines!*, which was to prove extremely popular, with ratings of up to fifteen million.

Right: Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) and Adric (Matthew Waterhouse). Photo © BBC Video

The serial was purchased by ABC Australia in April 1981 and passed uncut for screening with a 'G' rating, and was later screened in New Zealand. The story was sold to North America in the early Eighties where it is also broadcast as a TV Movie of one hour twenty-nine minutes duration.

To help lead into Season Nineteen, the serials *Full Circle*, *The Keeper of Traken* and *Logopolis* were selected for repeats during 1981 to reintroduce Adric, Nyssa and Tegan. *The Keeper of Traken* was given early evening screenings on BBC1 from Monday 10th to Thursday 13th August, 1981, except in the Welsh regions.

The serial was novelised by Terrance Dicks, who delivered a concise adaptation of the teleplay with some of the cut scenes left intact. *Doctor Who and the Keeper of Traken* was published simultaneously in paperback by Target and in hardback by the parent company WH Allen in May 1982, with a cover featuring Melkur and Nyssa painted by Andrew Skilleter. The book formed part of *The First Doctor Who Gift Set* from Target later the same year, and was later numbered Book No 37 in the Target Library. The book was reissued in June 1993 as *Doctor Who – The Keeper of Traken* with a new cover by Alister Pearson.

Sound effects from the serial were issued by BBC Records on *Sci-fi Sound Effects* in 1981. Three bands of music were released on the LP and cassette *Doctor Who – The Music* in February 1983: *Nyssa's Theme* and *Kassia's Wedding Music* from Part One and *The Threat of Melkur* from Part Three. These tracks also appeared on the CD *Doctor Who – Earthshock* released by Silva Screen in December 1992.

The Keeper of Traken was issued uncut by BBC Video in June 1993 with a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter, and was broadcast on UK Gold in June 1994, with a compilation version shown some weeks later. The BBC Film and Videotape Library retains the original two- inch 625-line colour videotapes.

Andrew Pixley

Serial 5T The Keeper of Traken

CAST: Tom Baker (Doctor Who) with Matthew Waterhouse (Adric), Denis Carey (The Keeper) [1-2], Sheila Ruskin (Kassia), Anthony Ainley (Tremas), John Woodnutt (Seron) [1-2], Margot Van Der Burgh (Katura), Robin Soans (Luvic), Sarah Sutton (Nyssa), Geoffrey Beevers (Melkur), Liam Prendergast (Foster) [3], Philip Bloomfield (Foster) [4].

EXTRAS: Michael Gordon-Browne, Mark Midler, Pat Judge, Jim Morriss, Barnie Lawrence, Donald Groves, Barry Summerford, Pat Gorman, Stuart Myers, Tony Snell, Ralph Morse, Doug Roe, Maurice Connor (Fosters); Graham Cole (Melkur); Margaret Leggett, Mary Rennie, Anne Higgins, Jill Goldston, Mary Eveleigh, Joy Burnett, David Enyon, Colin Cook, Steve Whyment, John Tucker, Fred Reford, Donald Groves, Eileen Brady, Barbara Bermel, Liz Adams, Sheila Vivian (Citizens).

CREDITS: Written by Johnny Byrne. Incidental Music: Roger Limb. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Production Assistant: Alan Wareing. Production Unit Manager: Angela Smith. Director's Assistant: Jean Davis. Assistant Floor Manager: Lynn Richards. Visual Effects Designer: Peter Logan. Video Effects: Dave Chapman. Vision Mixer: Nigel Finnis. Technical Manager: Bob Hignett. Senior Cameraman: Alec Wheal. Videotape Editor: Rod Waldron. Lighting: Don Babbage. Sound: John Holmes. Costume Designer: Amy Roberts. Make-up Artist: Norma Hill. Script Editor: Christopher H. Bidmead. Title Sequence: Sid Sutton. Designer: Tony Burrough. Executive Producer: Barry Letts. Producer: John Nathan-Turner. Director: John Black. BBC (c) 1980.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Part One	31st January, 1981	5.10pm-5.35pm
Part Two	7th February, 1981	5.10pm-5.35pm
Part Three	14th February, 1981	5.10pm-5.35pm
Part Four	21st February, 1981	5.10pm-5.35pm

UK BROADCAST DETAILS*

Part One	10th August, 1981	6.30pm-6.55pm
Part Two	11th August, 1981	6.20pm-6.45pm
Part Three	12th August, 1981	6.30pm-6.55pm
Part Four	13th August, 1981	6.20pm-6.45pm

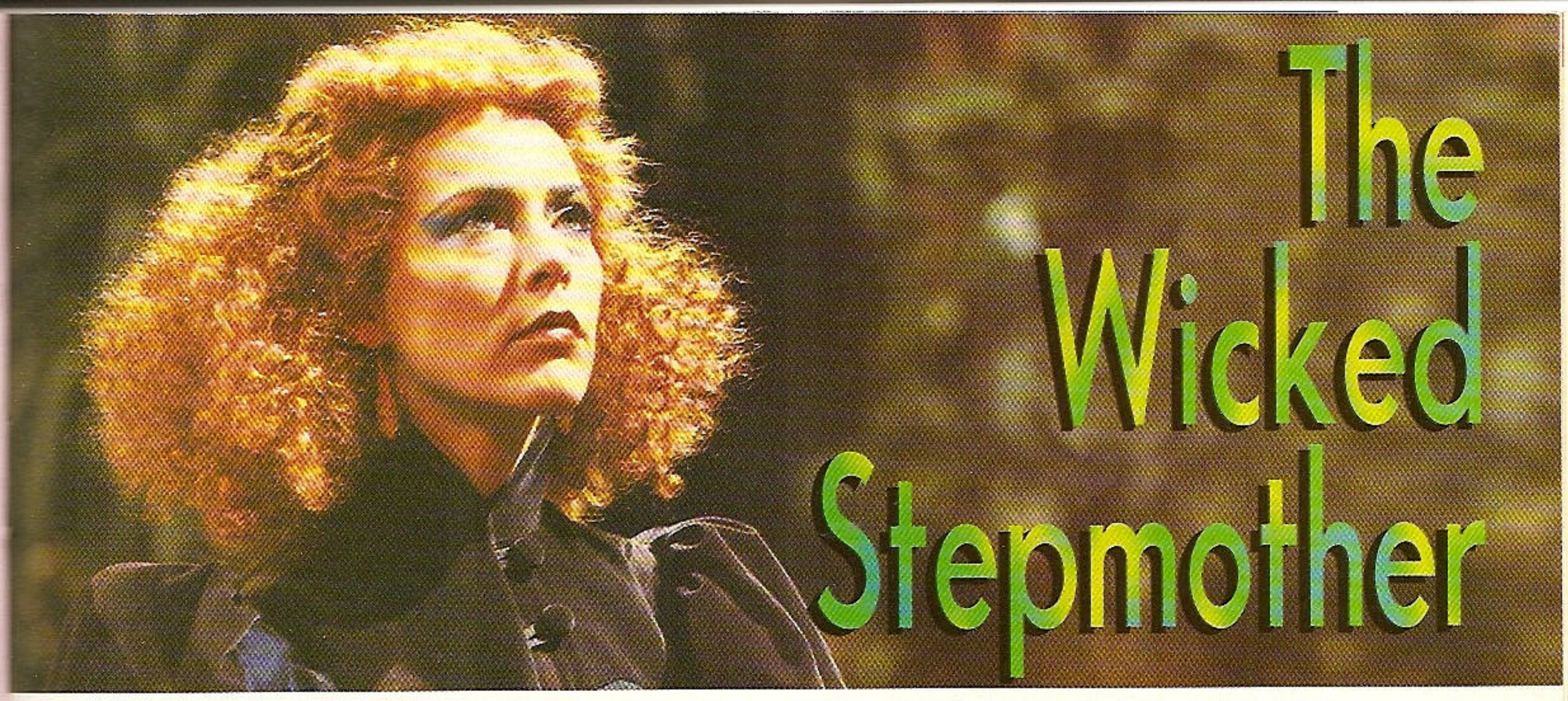
* *Not BBC Cymru*

Viewing Figures

Part One: 7.6M (72nd), Part Two: 6.1M (106th), Part Three: 5.2M (112th), Part Four: 6.1M (103rd).
Repeats: 5.2M (71st), 4.4M (93rd), 5.2M (71st), 5.0M (74th).

Audience Appreciation Figures

Part Four: 63%. No figures recorded for Parts One to Three.



The Wicked Stepmother

Sheila Ruskin played Consul Kassia in *The Keeper of Traken*, the subject of this month's *Archive*. **Peter Griffiths** asked her to share her memories of *Doctor Who*.

"I didn't have access to a television as a child, but I did catch up with *Doctor Who* sporadically. I remember Hartnell and Troughton, and I got to know Jon Pertwee socially. His was a very camp Doctor, a completely different approach. *The Keeper of Traken* was Tom Baker's penultimate story, and I'm sure I got cast because I'd worked with John Nathan-Turner on *How Green Was My Valley*. I remember him very clearly as production manager on that. We had an hilarious time working with the Welsh."

Sheila Ruskin is very different from Consul Kassia of Traken. She has long black hair for one thing ("I wasn't sure you'd recognise me!" she laughed), and her conversation is punctuated with laughter at both herself and the situations she's describing. "I started off with the National Youth Theatre, and then I went to art college and did quite a lot of theatre there. In those days it was possible to get into rep without going to drama school. Gradually I got bits of television work coming in, and that's where I've mostly worked. Every so often I dive back into theatre, but I much prefer working in front of a camera."

"I thought of Tom as being a slightly grumbly bear."

Sheila was familiar with science fiction before she came to *Doctor Who*. In 1978 she filmed an episode of *Blake's 7*, *Redemption*, with Harriet Philpin, who played Bettan in *Genesis of the Daleks*. "Harriet and myself were playing these two space weirdoes in pale blue lycra body suits with silver boots. I was extremely thin in those days, something I look back on fondly now! The director cast me on the basis of a photograph in which I had very short hair, but of course I'd grown it. I remember walking into rehearsals and thinking, 'He doesn't want me here. He only cast me because I had short hair!' They tied my hair back to compensate. Something *Blake's 7* and *Doctor Who* had in common was how difficult the scripts were to learn. There was no logic to them, just a lot of pseudo-scientific words with nothing to hang onto. I just remember being a vision in turquoise!"

The Keeper of Traken went into production at the end of 1980. "I remember thinking what fun it was that we had this space age stuff set in a semi-mediaeval world, so we had rather nice costumes which were very unlike a lot of *Doctor Who*. It was a weird combination. The wig I wore was completely outrageous! I had long, straight hair in those days, as did the girl in it, Sarah Sutton. It was quite a pivotal story, in all kinds of ways, though we didn't realise it at the time.

"I remember it being, generally speaking, an enjoyable rehearsal period, though I was anxious about learning the script. There was John Woodnutt, who was also a guest actor, and I remember Anthony Ainley quite well. Sarah Sutton was so young and fresh, just starting out. I found it quite difficult to be 'big' in rehearsal. As soon as I got the wig and costume on, I found it much easier, but I tended to feel a bit silly acting in squares blocked out on the rehearsal room floor with blue or yellow tape, and holes to indicate a door. Once in the studio I found my imagination fired and I enjoyed it much more, but everything was completely different. The trouble with all these *Doctor Whos* was that they were very bitty to make because of the technical concerns. There are bits of so-called acting scenes, but you have to stop every two seconds for some sort of technology.

"One very strong memory is of the special eyes I had in the studio. They fired laser beams, so they made me a pair of light-reflective eyes which they stuck onto my lids. That was terrifying because I was blind. I felt unbelievably vulnerable and not tuned into my other senses in the way that blind people must be. There were times when I would have to be led over the studio floor, with its uneven paths and moss. There was a technical hitch at one point, and having been guided to the spot, I was left in the middle of glade for half an hour! I was fine at first. I thought, 'I'll just stand here and wait quietly.' But it felt like forever, and I panicked halfway through. I wasn't really looked after properly at that point, so I was a bit peeved!"

Tom Baker had almost finished his seven-year stretch as the Doctor, and married his former companion Lalla Ward during the period that *The Keeper of Traken* was in production. A lot of Sheila's memories involve them. "I was rather shocked that Lalla Ward had such a deep brown voice. She didn't look as if she should, with that blonde hair and young face. She and Tom Baker were together at the time, and she came to the studio and pottered around a bit.

"My memory of seeing them together was that it was pretty rocky. That may be an indiscreet thing to say. If he was difficult to work with, I don't think it was because she had left the series, I think it was more personal. I thought of Tom as being a slightly grumbly bear. There are certain times you don't disturb them, other times they're alright. I kept my distance and let him get on with it. It's tough when you're leaving a series, you're at the mercy of everybody. Because you can see freedom in sight, things become almost impossible to keep control of. It's my conjecture, but I imagine there was an element of that for Tom Baker. He was yearning to be out.

"The one thing about doing *Doctor Who* with Tom, who had been so successful, was that it did my street cred the most amazing amount of good! Tom must have been so fed up with it, but he was very kind and signed lots of photographs for me for various friends' children. These kids took these photographs to school with them and also became stars. I liked his interpretation of the Doctor, his slightly eccentric professor bit with the scarf, he was very endearing."

Sheila has just finished work on an episode of *Space Precinct*, and has recently filmed an episode of *The Bill* directed by Nick Mallett. I asked what was next for Sheila Ruskin. "This is a middle-aged answer. You suddenly realise that acting does not take up all your energy and you aren't given the opportunities you once were. A small minority of actresses may get through to old age fully stretched, but women in middle age have a nightmarish time, frankly. I used to do quite a lot of writing when I was younger, and I have a fantasy to write again. Generally, I'm very pragmatic about my career, and I'm always satisfied by what's going on at the moment."

◆

The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge

Part One by Alan Barnes

Double-O Nineteen broke his cover at 06:32 and 30 seconds precisely, as he'd planned. He launched himself from the cubbyhole at the top of the stairwell, tumbling, limbs bunched together, down the heavily scuffed steps. He missed the shimmering laser tripwire by the narrowest of margins. (As he fell, he tensed, fully expecting to hear a siren blare as the beam was broken. Nothing sounded.) He bounced onto the landing, cracking his head on the chipped skirting-board as he did so.

It hurt, of course. But that didn't matter.

At 06:33 and 15 seconds, he was – momentarily – in the eyeline of Constance, the chambermaid. This, he'd accounted for. As probability had dictated, she crossed the hallway – singing softly to herself, as was her habit – without glancing to her right, where his sweaty rictus features were framed in the wilting fronds of the tall *schefflera actinophylla*, the umbrella tree. She paused in the hallway to retie her apron's strings, patted the bun of her hair, then exited. This caused seven unexpected seconds to be added to his plan. He dashed into the vestibule, vaulted over the reception desk, and grabbed a set of keys from the pegboard. (Room 17, he noted.) He weighed them carefully in his palm, turned to face the double doorway above which a – frankly, scabby – moosehead was hung. Then, his arms windmilling, he hurled the keys forward, his whole weight behind the throw. The curve of the arc reached its zenith twelve inches from the doors, twenty-four below the ceiling – where the keys broke an invisible security beam.

The moosehead's antlers dropped to reveal pitted, matt-black machine-gun cylinders which strafed a sweep of bullets across the doorway. He counted each bullet, knowing that their magazines would pause oh-so-briefly to reload at twenty shots. At nineteen, he broke for the doors. The last bullet whizzed past his earlobe. He grasped the doorhandles and flung them apart, diving through the entrance as the guns began to chatter once more.

He landed in an untidy heap on flagstones, blinking in the early morning sunlight. He picked himself up, ran onto a gravelled avenue and charged across an immaculate lawn, the dew soaking through his diamond-patterned Argyll socks.

A pair of spiky, wrought-iron gates appeared in view. He could see the road beyond. He was suddenly aware of chirpy birdsong. He was free.

It was then that he stepped on the landmine.

*

Rachmaninov's *Prelude in F Major* hiccupped, slipped a groove and careered through an extended arpeggio. Naughton pressed his ear to the closed bedroom door.

Rachmaninov, and before breakfast, too.

Prunella was not in the best of moods.

He slid his fingers through his hair, plastered down his parting, and adjusted his tie before rapping his knuckles sharply on the door. "Good morning, dear," he trilled.

"I've got one of my heads," stressed the voice beyond. "Don't bother me, Naughton."

"I am not bothering you, my sweet," replied Naughton, a sickly, careworn and indubitably false smile speading across his sallow cheeks. He smoothed his moustache. "I just thought I'd see if you felt up to greeting our new guests personally."

A pause. "Where's my breakfast?" barked Prunella.

"Right here," said Naughton.

"Well, come on in, then," snapped Prunella sharply. A covered tray balanced on one palm, Naughton twisted the copper doorknob and entered Prunella's boudoir. An orchestra thundered via an obsolete gramophone on the dresser. He coughed as he breathed deep of the thick fug of smoke which hung heavy in the semi-darkened bedchamber. "Leave the curtains," warned Prunella, her form obscured. Naughton placed the tray upon the bed and lifted its silver lid. Upon the plate, two fresh, pink sirloin steaks wallowed in a pool of gore.

"No parsley?" spat Prunella.

"No parsley," affirmed Naughton.

"Good," she rumbled, still unmoving. "You may leave." It wasn't a request.

Naughton closed the door gently behind him, and crept timidly downstairs.

*

"Pass the marmalade," said Jo Grant.

Warm spring sunlight slithered stealthily into the dining-room of Hyacinth Lodge, dazzling those sitting at its half-dozen tables. Opposite her, a long velvet-clad arm appeared from behind a suspended broadsheet newspaper, a half-empty pot of fine-cut Seville in its hand. "Ta," said Jo. "So, what's happening in the world?"

The Doctor folded up *The Times*, and rubbed the end of his nose. "Oh, much the same as always on your planet. Wars, pestilence, famine, disease. Not that you lot seem to pay much attention."

Jo bit noisily into her toast, then looked up. "Sorry, Doctor. You were saying?"

"Never mind, Jo." The Doctor clicked his fingers. "Waiter!"

A small, olive-skinned man with a Zapata moustache ambled forth. The Doctor indicated the plate before him, empty bar a shrivelled bacon rind and some ketchup smears. "Another breakfast, please." The waiter nodded eagerly, and made a grab for the plate. The Doctor stayed his arm. "Tell me, what day is it?"

The waiter shook his head. "Please," said the Doctor. The waiter patted his Adam's apple, and shook his head again. "Doctor," said Jo, "he can't speak."

"A dumb waiter," said a voice behind them. "Awfully prosaic, I know, but at least he's cheap. And he can't ask for a raise." The gangling figure of the oily Naughton, bristling with hotelier smarm, stooped over the table. "Good morning, sir, madam. I'm Naughton, the proprietor of this . . . establishment." He beamed. "May I be of assistance?"

"Not really, old chap," said the Doctor. "Just wondered what day it was."

"Why, Doctor," purred Naughton, a vision in a tweed jacket with leather patches on the elbows. "It's Wednesday."

"Thank you," said the Doctor. "That's what I wanted to know. We'll be leaving this morning," he announced airily.

"I don't think so, Doctor," said Naughton.

"I take it that you are going to prevent us?"

"Who, me?" chuckled Naughton. "Nonsense. Can't bear all that strong-arm stuff. Had my fill of that in Korea. No, neither I – nor my staff – will harm you personally. However, the automated laser defences, the tripwires, the crushing ceilings and the trapdoors may. I really wouldn't advise it, old man. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've other of my guests to attend to." He smiled stiffly, turned on his heels, clipped the hapless waiter's ear, and left.

The Doctor watched him saunter into the kitchens. "I don't think much of our host, do you, Jo?"

Jo refilled her cup from a stewed pot of tea. "It's a funny sort of prison, this," she said.

*

"The Safe House," mused the Doctor later, as they sat, disconsolate, in the Lodge's scruffy bar, "was a Cold War phenomenon. There, in a high-security – but otherwise innocuous – building, agents, spies, double-agents, traitors, codebreakers, middlemen, informants – and more, besides – would be kept by the security services for briefing, debriefing, interrogating, programming, and deprogramming. Or simply held in perpetuity."

"You make it sound like a history lesson," said Jo, sipping her Coke.

"It is – or rather, it should be," replied the Doctor. "Nevertheless, that's where we are. I wonder why?"

A portly, red-faced man in a navy blazer sat himself down beside the pair, and whispered confidentially, "Reds."

"Reds?" repeated Jo, wide-eyed.

"Sshh," hushed the stranger. "They can hear you, you know. Bugs. Damn clever. Place is full of 'em. Anyway, pleased to meet you," he said. "Name's Ballard. Major Ballard. Codename, of course. They shan't get anything more out of me. Need to know, and all that."

"Quite," agreed the Doctor. "I'm the Doctor, and this is Jo. We've only just arrived."

"Kidnapped?" asked the Major. The Doctor nodded. "We were driving back to UNIT HQ two days ago," blurted out Jo, "when these motorcycles appeared from out of nowhere, and herded us towards the back of an unmarked lorry. They forced us up a ramp, into the lorry – and all the lights went out. Next thing we know, we wake up in our rooms. Here. Today. I do hope Bessie's safe," she added, *sotto voce*.

"See those two?" murmured the Major. He tossed his head in the direction of two sweet-looking little old ladies playing Scrabble at a table beside the bar's dirty French windows. "KGB, both of 'em. Nadia Gurdjieff and Olga Kasparov. Two of the most ruthless assassins ever to stray beyond the Iron Curtain."

"Assassins?" laughed Jo, incredulously. "Them? Don't be silly."

"You don't know what they can do with a pair of knitting needles," muttered the Major, darkly.

"I think it's time we made our move," said the Doctor. He stood up and straightened out the cuffs of his frilly shirt-sleeves. "Coming, Jo?"

*

The Doctor strode to the reception desk, studiously ignored Constance, the petite young chambermaid hovering behind it, and began to ping the little brass desk-bell insistently. "Can I help you, sir?" asked Constance, mechanically.

"I wish to speak to the manager," said the Doctor, and continued to hammer away at the bell. Behind him, Jo caught Constance's gaze, and returned it with a winsome can't-take-him-anywhere shrug. Presently, a flustered Naughton marched into the hallway. "Yes?" he demanded.

"Ah! Mine host. Good show," said the Doctor. He squared up to Naughton. Give or take a half-inch, they were of equal height; their eyes met. "A little demonstration, I think," he enunciated. His hand went to his inside jacket pocket. With a flourish, he produced a thin wand of metal with a stubby head. "This, Mister Naughton, is known as a sonic screwdriver. It operates via high frequency oscillation. And by twisting it thus" – he rotated its head a half-turn – "I can set it to a frequency that will jam the crude sensory mechanisms which, I've observed, are peppered about the main entrance. Enabling myself and Miss Grant here to make our escape."

"Really?" said Naughton, folding his arms. "That's terribly interesting."

There followed a brief impasse. Jo tugged at the Doctor's sleeve. "If that's true, Doctor, then what are we waiting for? We can walk out of here this instant."

"I know," said the Doctor. "I just want to see what Naughton here is going to do about it. I want him to show his hand."

"Prunella," called Naughton, quite softly.

The Doctor raised the sonic screwdriver level, and pressed it hard. Somewhere, a klaxon sounded. Lights hidden around the vestibule began to wink. The moosehead's antlers lowered, then raised, lowered, then raised.

"Prunella!" shouted Naughton, loudly.

The Doctor took Jo's hand, and led her langorously to the doorway.

"Prunella!" hollered Naughton.

"Stop!" rumbled a deep, booming, and not-terribly-feminine voice. Slowly, the Doctor and Jo turned around. Behind them, hulking on sturdy haunches, stood a scaly, eight-feet-tall, and undeniably alien, dragon.

"Escapees," said Prunella, smoke issuing from flared nostrils. "My *favourite*."

The dragon tilted its head back, opened its jaws -

And belched a huge, crackling fireball at the Doctor and Jo.

To be continued . . .

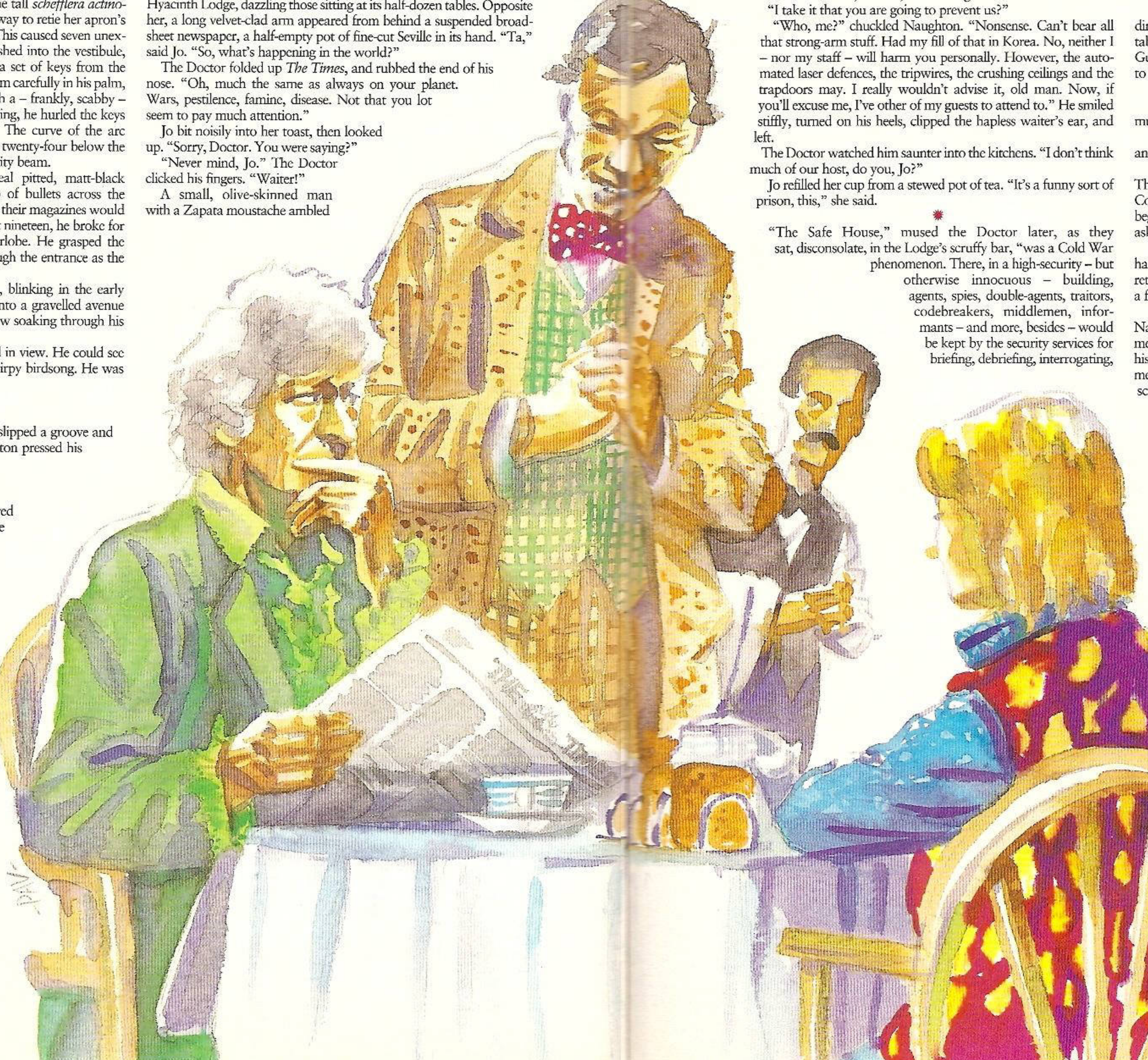


Illustration by Paul Vyse

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS
CHAPTER FOUR – SEASON TWENTY

Accentuate the Positive

Season Twenty was, like its predecessor, to be transmitted twice weekly, due to the BBC Sixth Floor's delight at Season Nineteen's satisfyingly high viewing figures. However, Season Twenty's transmission days were changed to Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and the time slot was altered. The new slot was less favourable because we no longer had a common time junction with the opposition – that is, *Doctor Who* overlapped the slots of two programmes on ITV on each night.

Following the success of *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* repeat season, and the fact that the twenty-six episodes of the regular season were now transmitted over a period of only three months, I suggested another package of repeats which ended up entitled *Doctor Who and the Monsters*. I was delighted when I discovered it had been accepted by BBC1 rather than BBC2, but saddened that we were given a smaller number of slots than requested, and further disturbed that we had to commit major surgery on *Genesis of the Daleks* to make it fit into the transmission plans. A staff director, David Sullivan Proudfoot, who did several *Blake's 7* episodes, joined us to devise and execute the new version. I still feel these seasons of repeats helped keep the show in the public's minds, while new material remained unavailable for nine months of the year. Nine months was a long time in between seasons when our former Saturday tea-time audience was used to the programme running for half the year.

By this time, pressures on our office from fan-mail were quite unlike those of any other drama serial. I had worked on enough popular series to know. On 'All Creatures Grunt And Smell', as we called it, the bulk of the fan-mail were simple requests for autographed photos, and the occasional query about where Tristan's sweater had been bought or how one could find a pair of wellington boots like Carol Drinkwater's. But with *Doctor Who* the queries were many and varied. Initially all the fan-mail was dealt with by my secretary. As interest in the show expanded worldwide, I was granted six to eight hours a week (big deal!) of the time of a lovely lady called Carmel who would come to our office after her regular job at TV Centre finished.

To deal with the huge volume of mail, we streamlined the system and introduced something like forty-eight stock letters, ranging from details of how to knit Tom Baker's scarf (various designs) to blueprints of how to build a Dalek. I hope those of you who may have received such stock letters will forgive their impersonal nature, but it was the only way we could deal with the massive influx of mail. We did, after all, have programmes to make.

We also used to issue a brief news sheet to sci-fi magazines, fanzines and fans themselves, detailing story titles, codes, writers, directors and guest cast for each upcoming season. It was updated every few weeks and eased the pressure on our office from the many interested parties, including licensing exhibitions, etc. who wanted to know something about the season in production. These news sheets went all over the world.

Anyway, I think it must have been the record producer Ian Levine who, having had sight of our news briefing for Season Twenty, mentioned that every story featured a recurring element from the show's past. I don't think any of us had actually realised this; we did, of course, know we were bringing back the Black and White Guardians, the Brigadier and Omega, but by now, Anthony Ainley's Master was almost a regular in the show, rather like Roger Delgado had been, and Chris Bailey's sequel to *Kinda* had been commissioned so soon after *Kinda* itself that we hadn't realised the implications. Having had this element pointed out, I decided we should make it one of the selling points for press and publicity. The ploy worked well; though, as usual, you can't please all of the people all of the time, and some of the devotee glitterati said it was "disastrous pandering to the fans"; others thought it was a splendid idea. It's always pleasing if the regular fans are enjoying the end products, but it has never been my yardstick. I think that at the time there were less than 1500 members of the DWAS, so my main aim in planning the season was to hang on to the legions of viewers we had gained and/or recaptured with Peter's first season, not to suck up to less than 2000 fans who would watch *Doctor Who* even if it featured two actors performing against black drapes.

I do feel the need to stress that if I had been paying attention solely to the desires of the fans, the costume of Omega, for example, might have been more reminiscent of the original. In any case, the Mara was a recurring adversary from my **own** era, not someone else's. Add in for good measure the Ergon, the Garm, the Mawdryn Mutants, the Vanir, not to mention Kamelion and I don't think in a curtailed season there was a lack of ideas from the front office and its writers and directors. As for *The Five Doctors* – the anniversary special which fan historians count as part of Season Twenty, though I shall deal with it separately – I make no apologies. It was intended as a celebration of twenty years of the longest-running science fiction series in the world, and was written with a brief to contain elements reflecting the whole ethos of *Doctor Who*, so that even those who had left the show behind in the Sixties or Seventies could tune in and hopefully be entertained, and see some elements that they would remember. In any case, perhaps those who had moved on from the show might re-discover it . . .

One more thing; if the planned Dalek story had not been shelved, I would make no apology for including a very strong four-part story in the twentieth season that featured the show's most popular adversaries of all. So there!

SNAKEDANCE

The serials were virtually shot in the same order as they were finally broadcast, but for the sake of the continuity of these articles, I shall deal with the stories in the order that they were recorded.

I was very pleased with Fiona Cumming's direction of *Castrovalva*, so I offered her a second story. Fiona always said she thought of herself as more an actors' director than a monsters' director and I thought this story would suit her and her style. Fiona discovered Martin Clunes, for whom this was his first TV job. For my part, I had been to Chichester on an office outing a few months earlier to see Tom Baker give a spell-binding performance as Oscar Wilde in *Feasting with Panthers*. I was very impressed with a young actor in the play called Johnathon Morris. Tom introduced us when we went to celebrate afterwards. Again, I think we gave Johnathon his TV debut in *Snakedance*.

Janet Fielding was excellent in this story, as she had been in its prequel. It's particularly pleasing when a production team can capitalise on the talents of a companion and give her or him something to get their teeth into, just as long as the Doctor is still strongly presented in the story, and *Snakedance* is such a case.

When Janet first came into the series, the initial make-up designer and a rather ritzy West End hairdresser tried, at my behest, to come up with a special hairstyle for the actress, which we kept calling 'The Tegan Cut'. Despite discussions about its supposed uniqueness, I was bitterly disappointed with the end result. I wanted the style to become well-known, again for publicity purposes, in much the same way as Keanu Reeves' 'buzz cut' has more recently suddenly became all the fashion shortly after the film *Speed*. Frankly, there was nothing unique about the look at all, despite Janet spending hours and hours in a West End salon.

I had decided against the regulars changing costumes for every story. With *Doctor Who* regulars, a new costume meant making three identical copies and thereby incurring thrice the expense. I wanted to spend the money elsewhere. However, by the end of *Time-Flight* I felt we'd had our wear out of Tegan's air-hostess uniform, and Nyssa's trouser-conversion of her Traken outfit. Besides, the ladies were forever gently needling me about it. They would come back from American or British conventions with lines like, "I met such-and-such a companion, and she

Right: The Doctor (Peter Davison) faces the test of the *Snakedance*. Photo © BBC Video

Some of the devotee glitterati said Season Twenty was "disastrous pandering to the fans".

Above: Commander Maxil (Colin Baker) apprehends the Doctor in *Arc of Infinity.*

Above right: Nyssa (Sarah Sutton), the Doctor, and Chela (Johnathon Morris) in *Snakedance.* Photos © BBC Video

changed costumes for every story!" or, "Anthony Ainley has had more costumes than we have!" and even the plaintive, "Before I leave, I'm determined to appear in *Doctor Who* in a fur coat!" I never tired of winning money from unsuspecting directors over predictions of how long it would take one of the ladies to start talking costume during their first introduction to the new director. However, I agreed that Nyssa and Tegan should have new costumes: Tegan should be the height of fashion and we should try to achieve with her clothing what the hair-style had failed to do, and that was to associate a 'look' with the character. Nyssa's costume should be flattering, as she had such a gorgeous, petite figure, yet reflect a certain alien background. Both ladies were much involved in the design process and I liked the end results. It also greatly increased the size of our mailbag and delighted the British press – but more on that later.

Janet, or Miss F as I often called her, liked the costume initially but, and I did agree with her, soon after it was first used it suddenly looked odd. It made her chest look solid rather than defined. Janet said it looked as though there was a bolster on her front. However, we stuck with the look for a while.

I particularly liked Nyssa's beautiful, yet bizarre costume. Just before its first appearance at a studio recording (the desert landscape sequences had been filmed at Ealing), Sandra Dickinson (Peter Davison's wife, who was visiting to watch the recording) told Sarah Sutton – just as she left the sandwich bar heading for make-up check – that she thought the outfit was hideous. I was furious and told Sandra so, adding that it was none of her business. Sandra didn't visit the studio again, a fact about which many people were pleased, especially the vision mixer, as Ms Dickinson was prone to sit at the back of the Gallery knitting loudly!

Peter Davison was very fond of the chara
and would have preferred that Tegan

ARC OF INFINITY

Graham Williams was the first producer to take *Doctor Who* on a foreign location shoot. I wanted to be second. Travelling to Amsterdam by air takes virtually the same time as Paris, and having been involved with *City of Death*, I knew that it was acceptable to the unions to fly that short distance *and* shoot on the same day. Again the production team negotiated an attractive deal with airline and hotel reservations. I recall everyone checking in for the flight *en masse*, and the charming check-in gentleman roaring with laughter as he entered our block booking. Ralph Wilton, our production manager, asked why he found our details so funny. The chap read aloud our seating arrangements, our excess baggage agreement, our return dates and the entry concluded "TARDIS making own way!"

It was in this story that I made my only on-screen appearance in *Doctor Who*. A long tracking shot in the middle of a busy thoroughfare of Amsterdam kept being ruined by passers-by pointing at the camera. We decided to have one final attempt after which, if it failed, the shooting method would be simplified. In mid-take I saw a large lady laden with bags suddenly turn as if to head straight towards the actors in mid-take, so, in sheepskin coat, I marched forward and turned her round the other way. The camera moved on and didn't see what happened next. She thought I was a thief and attacked me with her shopping!

My favourite memory of the shoot was recording Peter Davison covered in rice krispies and green gunge, stumbling through a square packed with people, frightening the hundreds of pigeons into flight, with not one glance from the general public. It goes to prove that a simple sequence of two people going into a telephone kiosk is much more interesting to the passer-by than some horrific alien stumbling like a zombie through a crowd.

A large press party accompanied us on this shoot, chiefly to capture Nyssa and Tegan's new costumes, but Her Majesty's Press do love a foreign jaunt in any case. One of the party, a photographer called Alistair Loos, is exceedingly charming but a little gullible. The BBC Press and Publicity Department, with my help, devised a plan whereby I would tell Alistair that Janet Fielding was to wear a very revealing *peignoir* in the main story and, as he was an old friend, that I had wanted his paper, the *Daily Star*, to have a picture exclusive, as we had the costume with us in Amsterdam. I added apologetically that the Press Office, however, thought it was too sensational and had banned the idea. Janet confirmed the story, and throughout the day everyone could see that Alistair had fallen for the story hook, line and sinker. By the end of shooting that day, Alistair had called what is known as a 'lens meeting', telling the other reporters and photographers – who were all in on the gag – of the scandalous interference by the publicity officer. It wasn't till he finally lost control so much that he was about to ring his editor that he was told the truth.

Alistair came to Lanzarote with us later on . . . but that's another story – and one which involves Pearl Harbour!

MAWDRYN UNDEAD

I had quite a depressing time casting the new companion, Turlough, until Mark Strickson turned up; and even then it looked as though it might not work out. Some of the young men suggested to me by various agents couldn't read, let alone act! However, I ploughed on for days, interviewing many actors, some of whom were excellent, but not quite right for the part as I saw it. Mark was coming to see me mid-afternoon on a Friday. One of my fellow producers, Julia Smith, was having problems on her medical soap *Angels*. One of her cast had contracted a contagious disease and Julia was writing him out. At the time Mark had just completed a couple of episodes as an ambulance driver. Mark was sitting down in reception at Union House waiting to see me when Julia burst into my office, saying there was no point in my seeing Mark because she was about to offer him a regular part in *Angels*, to take over the storylines of the sick actor. I insisted on seeing him, however, and was very impressed. I told him I was very interested and would be in touch with his agent. It transpired that Julia, meanwhile, had jumped the gun somewhat, and had invited all her production teams to join her in her office at 5.30pm to meet the new regular in *Angels*. I saw the last candidate for Turlough and rang Mark's agent to offer him the role. The agent explained that Mark was in a phone box in Shepherd's Bush somewhere, dithering over whether to accept the offer from *Angels*. Ten minutes later Mark rang me to say that he needed time to think. I suggested he contact me with an answer by lunchtime the following Monday. By now Julia Smith was in a state, with an office full of people

Left:
The Doctor questions the true nature of Striker (Keith Barron) on his quest for *Enlightenment*.
Photo © BBC Video

drinking BBC wine last thing on Friday and wondering why they'd been invited. Eventually, Julia, Mark, Julia's script editor and myself were discussing the situation in an empty office nearby. I explained that I'd given Mark time to think things over, and she agreed she'd do the same. I recall Julia being very dismissive of *Doctor Who* and repeatedly saying it wasn't drama. In the end, Mark was heading home with two offers of long-term work, whereas two hours earlier he had been on the dole. As he left the office, Julia said, "Mark, if you're interested in money, do *Doctor Who*, but if you're interested in acting, do *Angels*!' I couldn't resist the bait, I'm afraid. I felt compelled to say, "If you want to be one of twelve regulars, do *Angels*, but if you want to be one of four leading parts, do *Doctor Who*!'

The following Monday, Mark was going out and got knocked off his bicycle, probably because he was so preoccupied. But before the appointed deadline, he telephoned me to say he'd love to play Turlough. Julia didn't telephone me at all!

Originally *Mawdryn Undead* was to feature William Russell as the teacher Ian Chesterton, but he was unavailable. Hence I was delighted when Peter Grimwade came up with the idea of using the Brigadier. Nicholas Courtney played two versions of the character, one from 1977 and one from 1983. Director Peter Moffatt decided that the younger version should have a small hair-piece to cover Nick's thinning pate. This became affectionately known as 'the Brillo pad', and we duly presented this to Nick on completion of the story.

During the first studio session there were to be a few scenes in which the audience were able to see Mawdryn's exposed brain. There had been lack of liaison between the make-up and visual effects departments and the results were not acceptable. On viewing the story, some people said the mutants looked like they were balancing bowls of spaghetti on their heads. Well, if they'd seen the first offering, they might have said something much ruder. We abandoned all scenes involving those skull caps until the next recording.

TERMINUS

I had first worked with Mary Ridge when I was an AFM, and somewhere I still have a note from her thanking me for my work. Mary is a wonderful character, extremely organised in her work and methodical in her approach, which really is essential in working on *Doctor Who*. I remember on the first studio day her telling the scenic supervisor that the entire set was three inches off its marks, and proving it.

I adored the eerie atmosphere of this story, though after viewing it again recently, I do feel that watching all four episodes back-to-back is a mistake. I think this is true of many *Doctor Who* stories. After all, they were made to be seen one at a time, twice a week.

acter of Nyssa,
had left instead.

I liked Steve Gallagher's scripts for *Doctor Who*; they were always full to overflowing with tension and atmosphere. Horror and thriller writing stood him in good stead after the series, though at that time I did feel that there was occasionally a reliance on atmosphere in his episodes, with not quite enough dialogue for the time slots in which they were transmitted. However, times and styles change, and I would dearly love to produce some more of his work, as I always thought he was a little ahead of his time. Two of his books, *Down River* and *Valley of Lights*, are totally different in style, but are both examples of the type of stories I would have liked to have done for *Doctor Who*, though censorship and budgetary restraints would have been major stumbling blocks. I always wanted to make use of the fluidity and breadth of the concept of *Doctor Who* as a showcase for a wide range of styles of drama writing and presentation, and this is well reflected by Steve's story and the one that follows it.

There were several complaints about the use of lepers and leprosy in the storyline of *Terminus*. However, I feel the end of Part One would not have worked anywhere near as well without the use of the word 'leper'. And talking of Part One, during the sequence where Kari and Olvir emerge through the hole blown into the wall of the ship, the explosion was so loud that Liza Goddard made an unexpected and untransmittable comment as the wall caved in! This was deleted at the sound dub!

We didn't actually finish this story on our last studio day. There was not a huge amount of material left behind, but it was an irritation. Sections of set had to be stored and re-erected, which costs money. Design staff also had to be re-engaged, etc, etc. This was all unexpected expenditure. However, we caught up with an early start to the next story's recording.

Of course, this was the story in which Nyssa left the TARDIS. Peter Davison was very fond of the character of Nyssa, and would have preferred that Tegan had left instead. I think he felt the loud, determined nature of the sulky and critical air-hostess created the wrong environment for his Doctor. My feelings on this are simple. There are many vital scenes of pure exposition in every story which use the Doctor and his companion or companions. If there is a dramatic frisson between them, the exposition is less noticeable and more palatable. Nyssa's devotion to the Doctor was valuable, and certainly Sarah Sutton gave a splendid performance, but the character was, if you like, too nice for those interminable scenes of explanation to be interesting. Nevertheless, I could see Peter's point; I just didn't agree with it. Further, we were working at a time when equal opportunities was becoming a major issue, and rather in the way that in later series Ace was played as a modern young woman, I felt Tegan reflected the same more accurately than Nyssa who was, after all, of noble birth from the planet Traken.

ENLIGHTENMENT

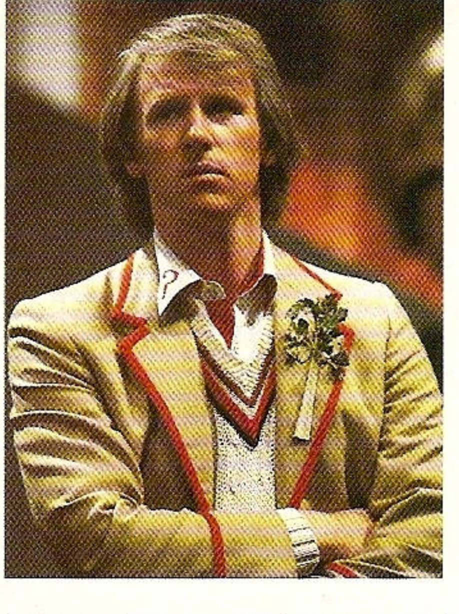
Barbara Clegg had worked a great deal in radio, and got to know my script editor Eric Saward. He suggested that we meet with her, and her story treatment for *Enlightenment* was so different from the usual that we quickly commissioned her.

Fiona Cumming and I had both worked on *The Pallisers* with Peter Sallis and it was he who was originally to play Captain Striker, with David Rhule playing Mansell. Then, after we had already began rehersals, the production was delayed due to industrial action. When our new dates were set, neither Peter nor David were available.

Fiona and I discussed her idea of the Eternals not blinking, which we agreed would be very disconcerting. We also agreed that Peter Grimwade, who had wonderfully large eyes and hardly ever blinked, would have made an ideal Eternal.

The day before my run-through, Fiona called me to say that Peter Davison was unhappy and asked if I would come out to rehearsal. I explained my diary was full but that Peter could call me. He did so. His concern was that there was little or no rapport between the characters, and I stress the *characters*, of Tegan, Turlough and the Doctor. I said I

Left:
The Doctor and Nyssa watch as Omega takes control of the Matrix in *Arc of Infinity*.
Photo © BBC Video



Right: Peter Davison as the Doctor in *Mawdryn Undead.*

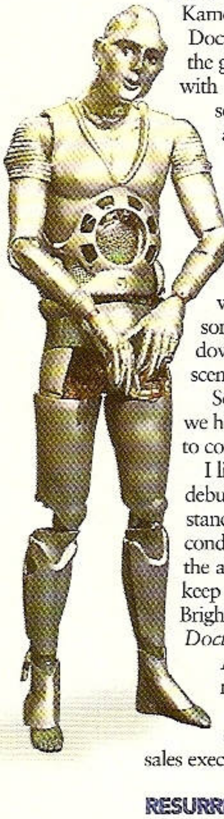
Below: "It was a nightmare": Kamelion, the Doctor's least-seen companion, in *The King's Demons.* Photos © BBC Video

would keep a close eye on this at my run-through. After the producer's run, I gave notes to Fiona, and then sent the AFM to call Peter, Janet and Mark. Peter was absolutely right. I addressed the regulars, stressing that if Tegan was going to be so very bolshy, it raised the question as to why the Doctor didn't dump her immediately. Similarly, we discussed how good an actor Turlough was; we, the audience knew he was up to no good, but he must make an attempt to endear himself to the Doctor. Also, as we all know he is about to do a *volte-face* at the end of Part Four and become totally loyal to the Doctor, we should get more than a glimmer of his endearing qualities. This was one of the few times I formally addressed the regulars *en masse*; the results speak for themselves. I do emphasise here that the three actors got on extremely well; it was a case of three positive characters being too strong and pulling in three separate directions. Shortly after this, I took up the options on all three regular's contracts.

THE KING'S DEMONS

Kamelion, as it was to later become known, first came to the *Doctor Who* studio a long time before *The King's Demons*. It was demonstrated to Saward and myself in the management room just off our studio, wearing an old-fashioned Fifties swimming costume. I believe it had been created for a film which had been cancelled, and Richard Gregory, who had done a lot of costume/effects work for us, and Mike Power and Chris Padmore put the machine through its paces. It really was quite impressive, and later we took writer Terence Dudley down to the the Imagineering workshop to see it again. Terry was always very reliable as a writer; he was intelligent and experienced, though he and Saward never hit it off, and we commissioned him to include the robot in a story and incorporate it into the TARDIS crew.

However, operating Kamelion was very time-consuming. He was hell for the actors to work with and had tremendous limitations. What generally occurred was that straight after the read-through, the speaking actors involved in the scenes with Kamelion, and Gerald Flood, who provided the voice of the robot, went to TV centre and recorded the soundtrack for every Kamelion scene. When, for example, it was the Doctor's speech, Peter wasn't recorded but the precise timing of the gap into which his lines would go would be timed, ending up with a tape sound which would play throughout the individual scene. The tape would then go off so that Kamelion's speech, arm and body movements could be programmed to match its dialogue and reactions to the dialogue that would later be said in the pauses. In the next ten days the actors would rehearse, and although Gerald Flood knew that his vocal performance was already committed, the other actors, working with the director, wouldn't alter their dialogue, but inevitably the pace of the scene would change. As a result, when we got to the studio, Kamelion would either over-ride someone else's dialogue if the pace of the scene had slowed down, or appear to have forgotten its words if the pace of the scene had speeded up. It was a nightmare.



So before Kamelion had even clambered aboard the TARDIS, we had already decided to hide it on board wherever possible, and to commission a story to get rid of it.

I liked much of this story, though. It was director Tony Virgo's debut, I think, and he worked under extremely difficult circumstances, what with the haphazard Kamelion and freezing cold conditions when we filmed at Bodiam Castle. I remember leaving the arctic location early one day, about which I was delighted, to keep an appointment with Tom Baker at the Theatre Royal in Brighton to discuss a special project I was planning called *The Five Doctors*. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Anthony Ainley returned for this story with another splendid make-up job. His first credit, as James Stoker, was my anagram of 'Master's Joke'. Last year, I was producing a corporate project and was introduced to one of the senior sales executives – his name, would you believe it, was James Stoker.

RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS – TAKE 1

The final story of the season should have been *Resurrection of the Daleks*, and the story was in pre-production at the time of its cancellation due to industrial action. Peter Grimwade had been engaged to direct the script written by Eric Saward. It was such a frustrating time; first dates were shunted, then re-shunted. Again and again it went on; post-production schedules were amended, and then even condensed in order to allow us to hang on to the project. However, in the end, the Planning Department simply said, "The final four-part story is cancelled." After liaison with my production associate, we went down to Grimwade's office; where Saward was taking coffee, and broke the news. Everyone was very depressed. I can't describe the frustration that everyone concerned feels when a project finally bites the dust. A feeling of emptiness, a feeling of "could we have done *anything* else to keep the show on the road?"

June Collins was my production associate, whom her predecessor, Anji Smith, had helped to train. June was very different from Anji, but equally efficient at the job. Initially, June was quite shy, but when I christened her 'She Who Must Be Obeyed' because of the popularity of *Rumpole of the Bailey* at the time, it seemed to do wonders for her confidence. Like myself, June had an enormous commitment to the show she was working on. She really cared about the programmes and the individuals, so she, like the rest of us, was shattered at the loss of a four-part story.

Later, I went to ask Saward and Grimwade for a lunchtime drink to drown our sorrows and commiserate, only to discover that they had already left with the rest of the production team on a similar mission to TV Centre, excluding only myself and the associate. I had not been invited to the wake. I was deeply upset and annoyed. It may sound churlish so long after the event, but whilst writing this section the anger returns. I blame Saward. If one insists on playing two roles on a production; ie, being the script editor and the writer, then one makes sure you don't have two faces as well . . . it's not at all attractive. I tackled him about this later, and he simply didn't appreciate that the producer, or indeed the associate, could be affected by the situation as much as he, the writer. It took a long while for us to recover from my outburst about loyalty, and in some ways, I don't think we ever properly did.

It took a long while for Saward and I to recover from my outburst about loyalty, and in some ways, I don't think we ever properly did.

So, the twentieth season ended on a low note. A cancellation . . . just as Graham Williams' last season had ended.

I had genuinely hoped that this would be *my* last season. Indeed, I'd made it a condition of my acceptance that it would be. Nevertheless, much earlier I had suggested a special adventure featuring all the living Doctors for the Twentieth Anniversary, hoping that even if my other non-*Doctor Who* projects were rejected, I could spend time on the special, whilst someone new came in to do the Season Twenty-One. When the special got the go-ahead, it, too, came with a condition. I must also agree to produce the whole next season. An offer I literally couldn't refuse! I had many ideas about what the Anniversary story should contain, and I certainly didn't relish the idea of sitting around for a year, only trying to develop new projects.

We must have had the green light for the special during *Terminus* or *Enlightenment* at the latest for, as stated earlier, I was meeting Tom during the making of what turned out to be the last story of the season and, at that point, we'd been colluding via his agent for some time. But onward, ever onward. There was the special to look forward to and a major event planned at Longleat to celebrate twenty years of *Doctor Who*. If you want to know how this all started, how it developed, its close relationship with *The Five Doctors*, and why it never got big enough, despite attracting 56,000 people and grinding Wiltshire to a halt, if you want to know about *The Five Doctors* itself, how it was made with ever-changing goalposts, and even what I think of the recently released extended video version, then – as I used to say in the Eighties – stay tuned! ◆

The Telesnap Archive

compiled by Matthew Pereira

During the Seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost for ever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

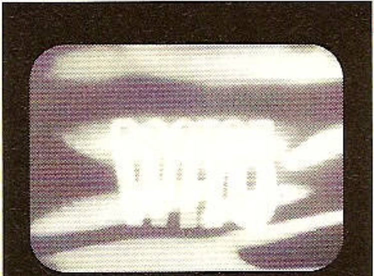
The Highlanders

Episode Four

by Elwyn Jones and Gerry Davis

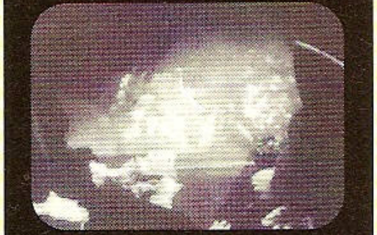
Directed by Hugh David

Transmitted 7th January 1967

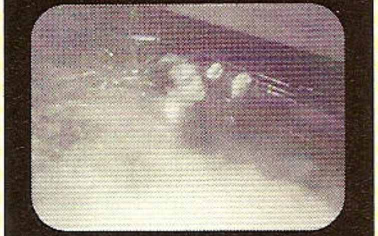


Ben is dropped into the sea.

The rope is hauled up but there is nothing on the end. "He's not escaped?" says Grey, scanning the sea.



Gasping for air, Ben surfaces on the other side of the ship. He pauses for a moment before swimming off.



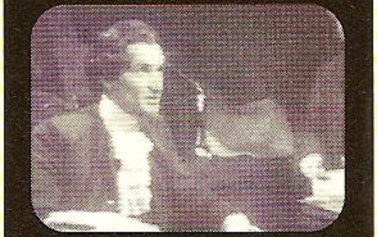
After a while he reaches the quay and, paying no attention to the covered rowing boat, drags himself back onto dry land . . .

. . . only to be confronted by a patrolling Redcoat. "Oh no, not after all that," gasps Ben. "I give up." The strangely silent soldier reaches for his moustache and silently peels half of it off.

"It's you!" exclaims Ben as the Doctor re-adjusts his false moustache. "Who else would be walking around the jetty at this time of night?" he replies with a gruff London accent.

"I'm cold and hungry," Ben complains. "I know just the place," the Doctor replies. He passes him a musket and shows him the stash of weapons hidden on the rowing boat. "Just a few wee gifties for our friends aboard the Annabelle," he says, and leads Ben away.

As Grey prepares to add his signature to the contracts, Trask offers him a glass of wine. "I never mix liquor with business," the solicitor replies curtly, "and I would advise you to do the same."



He informs the inebriated captain that they'll be sailing on the morning tide. Trask suggests it might be too foggy to sail. Grey looks at him sternly. "You sail," he replies, "fog or no fog."

"And crash the old girl's timbers on Tannery Point?" Trask spits and slams his tankard on the table. "I took you for a seaman," Grey mocks. "Why, that I am!" the captain boasts, and asserts his ability to deliver the cargo.

"That's what really counts," he bawls, "Not those dried-up bits of parrrrchment." Grey points out that without them they would all fall foul of the law. "And what would happen to thee if the trade were discovered by the Duke?" Trask asks.

"That will never happen," the solicitor rebuffs. "There are but three of us privy to this secret," he adds, and since he can answer for himself and Perkins, it would be down to the captain to account for his own actions.

"'Twas but a jest," Trask laughs uneasily. "You know me, solicitor, I'm your man." Grey fixes the man with his eyes. "And that is the way you will remain," he states.

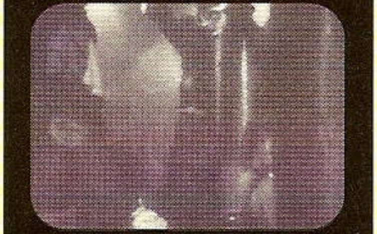
Ben explains to a curious Polly that he used an old Houdini trick to escape from his bonds. The Doctor returns, looking perturbed after finding his own clothes discarded on a rubbish tip behind the inn.

"Do we all know what we have to do?" he asks. Ben recites, "I take you out to the ship in the rowing boat, then double 'round the back smartish while they're sorting you out, and pass the weapons through the porthole."

"While Kirsty and I just sit here and wait for you to get back," complains Polly, "if you ever do." The Doctor tries to impress upon them the danger involved but the girls are adamant – they wish to come along.

"Very well," he relents, and tells them they can come along in the boat. "What do you want me to do now?" moans Ben. "I've got another idea for you," replies the Doctor enigmatically.

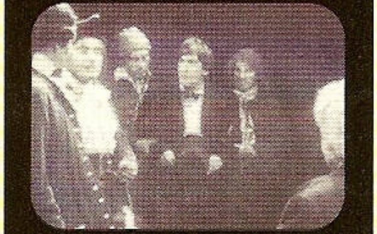
On board the Annabelle, the imprisoned men sit, dejected. "I can hardly believe it," complains Mackay. "They played right into Solicitor Grey's hands. Ma own crew among them!"



Colin tells the former captain not to worry. "It's a poor choice between the gallows and the plantations," he says. "A man will clutch at any straw to save his skin." Jamie asks the Laird what will happen to them now.

Colin ventures that, once at sea, they'll probably be made an example for the other men. "He'll not let me live," Mackay confirms. "If I could see my Kirsty again I'd die content," sighs the weary Laird.

As Grey issues Perkins with instructions concerning collection of the gold from the sale of the prisoners, Trask bursts into the cabin. "Caught 'im comin' over the side," he bawls, as his men drag in the Doctor who again assumes a German accent.



The Doctor greets the solicitor and says he has a small token for him. As he fumbles through his pockets, Trask, believing he is stalling, chokes him with his whip. "I would advise you to find this token quickly," Grey snaps.

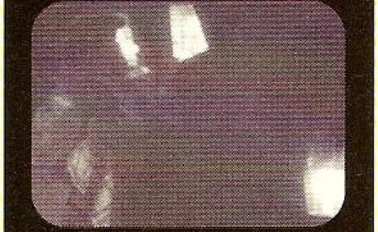
"Got it," says the Doctor, and hands him the Prince's ring. "Look at the seal," he tells Grey. "The Stewart Arms!" says the shocked solicitor. The Doctor claims that, disguised as a highlander, the Prince was captured and imprisoned with the other rebels.

He then casually wonders how much this information would be worth. "I'll burn it out of 'im," the captain barks. But the solicitor holds him back and asks the Doctor to suggest a price. "Shall we say ten thousand guineas?" he replies.

Polly and Kirsty steer themselves alongside the Annabelle. Securing the boat, Kirsty leans up to the porthole. "Father!" she whispers.

"I hear you, Kirsty," answers the half-asleep Laird. Waking up, the old man is delighted to find that he wasn't dreaming the voice.

"Here, take this," she says, passing him a weapon. "We've got arms for all of you," she adds, and asks him to come closer so she can explain their plan.

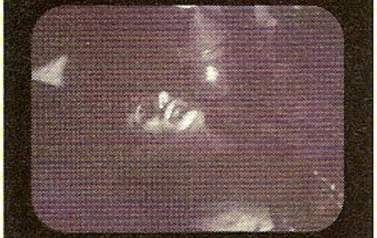


"You drive a hard bargain," the solicitor says, agreeing to the Doctor's proposal. "Now where is he?" The Doctor smiles. "The very last place you would think of looking," he remarks. "Right here on this ship."

He proceeds to give them a detailed description of Jamie. "You had better be very sure," warns Grey. "We'll smell out the pretender right now," Trask brags. They take the Doctor with them to identify the Prince.

In the hold they carefully step over the sleeping prisoners. Grey warns the captain and his men to go quietly so as not to raise any suspicion.

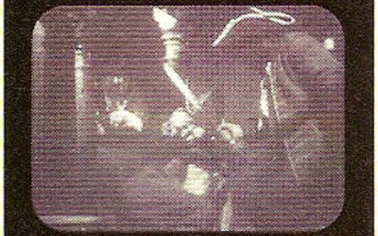
Using a lamp, they search for the right face.



"I've found him," the Doctor whispers, "He's the little one over there."

As the group slowly moves towards the sleeping Jamie, a voice cries out . . .

"Creag an tuire!" The highlanders rise up, brandishing their weapons. Trask quickly draws his sword to protect himself. The fighting is savage but the highlanders soon force their way up onto the deck.



Trask orders the crew to throw the Scots overboard. "I'm still master here!" he bellows. "Not for long, mate!" says a voice behind him. "You!" he exclaims as he rounds on Ben. "I'll make sure of you this time, lad!"

Jamie comes to Ben's aid. After dispensing with Trask's sword, Jamie wrestles with the man and . .

. . . bundles him over the side. "Where's Trask?" asks Mackay. "In the firth," replies the exhausted piper.

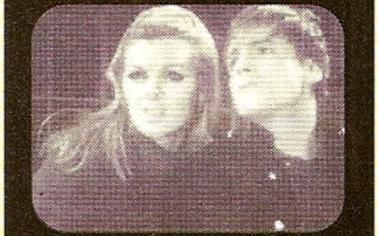
Mackay calls for a stop to the fighting. "We sail for France on the next tide," he shouts, and asks for willing hands to crew the vessel.

"We've won," says a jubilant Polly. "Only for the moment," the Doctor retorts. Ben reminds her that they still need to find their way back to the TARDIS. The Doctor decides to take Grey with them as a hostage.

"Please don't send me ashore with that man," Perkins grovels, and offers his services to the Laird as a French-speaking secretary. "Shifting with the wind, you rogue," taunts Colin. But as the Scots know little of the French language the Doctor suggest they take him along.

"He'll stay loyal enough," the Doctor tells him, "'till the wind shifts again." As Grey is led away, Perkins spits in his former employer's face. "I've been wanting to do that for a long time," he sneers.

Huddled on the quay, the Doctor's two companions stare across the foggy firth. "I can't even see the ship," moans Polly. "They said they'd send us a signal before they left," Ben says hopefully.



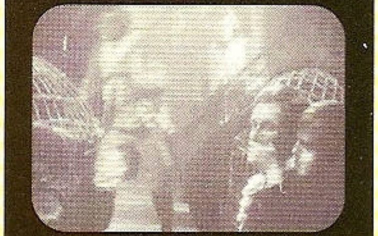
"Hey, look, there it is!" He exclaims.

The ship sails away. "We never even said good-bye to Jamie," Polly says sadly. "He just disappeared," adds Ben. "I wonder where he went to?"

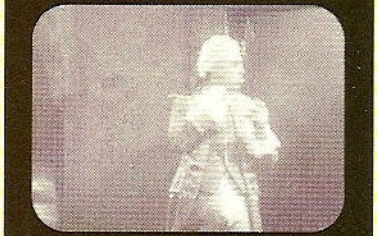
"Right here," says Jamie, surprising them all. He tells them he fancied his chances in Scotland and adds that they'll need a guide to find their way back to the cottage. "Glad to have you with us," says the Doctor.

Ben alerts them to an approaching patrol and quickly ushers them into the closest building. Just as Polly observes them heading away, Grey cries out for help.
Outside, the soldiers turn and cock their muskets.

As the soldiers enter, Grey calls out again. The Doctor and his friends knock out the guards but fail to stop Grey escaping. Ben then asks how they are going to get back to the TARDIS without a hostage. "We'll find someone else," the Doctor smiles, "Eh, Polly?"



Outside the local inn, Lieutenant Ffinch takes in the night air while enjoying a relaxing smoke.



"What the . . ?!" he exclaims, as Ben and the Doctor surprise him from behind.

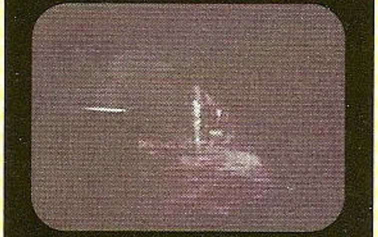
"We want your company, mate," says Ben.

"You won't refuse us, Algy, dear," coos Polly, joining her friends. "Oh, this is really too much," protests the lieutenant as Polly asks him to accompany them.

Suddenly a pompous-looking figure emerges from the tavern. He angrily reminds Ffinch that they are in the middle of a game of cards. "Who are these vagabonds?" he demands, looking at the Doctor and his companions.

The Doctor shows the colonel the pretender's ring and explains that they were taking Ffinch to the Prince's hideout. He convinces the colonel that they alone can capture the Prince and the exasperated lieutenant is commanded to go with them.

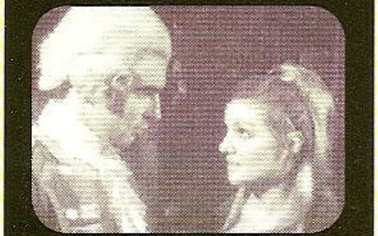
Returning to the cottage, Polly and Ben finish telling Ffinch about the crooked activities of Solicitor Grey and advise the lieutenant to 'nab him'. Thanking the officer for his help, Polly returns to him the identity disc.



Suddenly Grey and the sergeant appear. He congratulates Ffinch on capturing the rebels. "Silence!" Ffinch snaps angrily, and informs the solicitor that he knows all about the man's schemes.

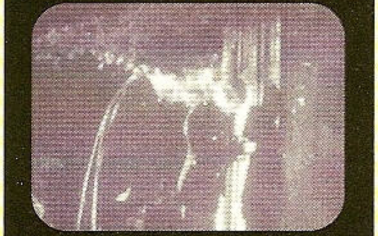
"It was all perfectly legal," he replies, and claims that the rebels signed the contracts of their own free will. The Doctor and the others deny ever seeing these contracts. Grey reaches into his pocket for his copies but finds they are missing.

Polly smiles as Ffinch orders the sergeant to place the solicitor under arrest. Jamie asks the Doctor what happened to the contracts. The Doctor nonchalantly replies that he has no idea as he pulls them out of his own pocket.

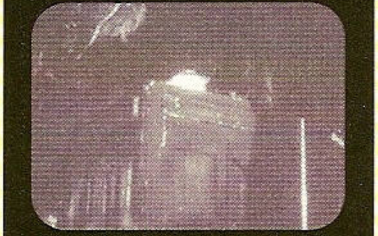


"You old fraud," laughs Ben. Polly, wondering what will happen to Jamie, asks the Doctor if he can come with them. "Only if he teaches me how to play the bagpipes," he replies merrily. "But where are we going?" says Jamie. "You'll see," smiles Polly.

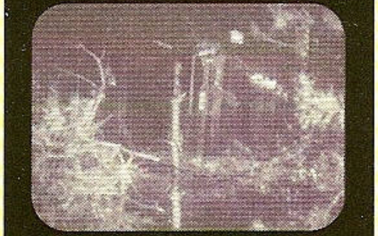
A short while later they arrive back at the clearing. A bemused Jamie steps inside the TARDIS.



The light on top of the police box begins to flash . . .



. . . and the TARDIS dematerialises, carrying one more passenger than when it arrived . . .



Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

Send your letters to
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A NOTE FROM THE DOCTOR

A Mr Paul Miley approached me a couple of months ago with a request to appear at two *Doctor Who* conventions that he was organising this winter. These dates were pencilled in my book and I was later contacted by an assistant of Mr Miley's by the name of Tony who informed me that one of the venues had been cancelled but the other was going to take place and would be discussed, presumably with Paul Miley, at a later date.

Several weeks passed and as I heard nothing further, I took the engagement to be cancelled, and made other professional arrangements.

On Saturday 16th December I received a call from my friend and personal stuntman in *Doctor Who*, Terry Walsh, who had just returned from an engagement with Paul Miley, and wished me good luck with my personal appearance in Brighton the following day. "But I am not appearing in Brighton tomorrow," I said. He replied, "Well, you are billed all over as appearing."

I promptly phoned Paul Miley to find out what exactly was going on. He told me that he was under the impression that everything had been arranged with Tony. I informed him that nothing had been arranged and that I had been waiting to hear from him. He rang off saying he would discuss the matter with Tony, ringing back a few minutes later to say that it was all his fault, and that he had now found out that Tony had not made any definite arrangements with me at all.

I was naturally very upset that anyone would be so casual in their dealings with me, but there was absolutely nothing I could do about it as I had an alternative engagement. Paul, of course, was most concerned as he anticipated that there would be a considerable number of attendees who would be extremely disappointed. I told him that he would have to explain the whole matter to the audience and to exonerate me from any blame for not not being there.

Would you be so kind as to publish this letter in the next issue of DWM and ask whether any of your readers were present on that day. If they were, would you apologise on my behalf for my non-appearance and ask if they would please write to me c/o my agent, Susan Shaper, 174/178 North Gower Street, London NW1 2NB, and tell me what explanation was given for my absence.

Jon Pertwee

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

The reason for this letter is to respond to a couple of points made by John Nathan-Turner in the first instalment of his interesting and entertaining memoirs (DWM 233). In the interests of clarity and openness, I wanted to explain where the information in our book *The Seventies* originated.

John states that, "Contrary to what is written elsewhere, Alan Bromly directed all the main content of *Nightmare of Eden*." Our information came partly from some internal BBC documentation where it is stated that Williams had taken over the story mid-way through, backed up by the *Doctor Who* reference work *In-Vision* where the story as we related it in *The Seventies* originates. On re-reading the BBC documentation in the light of John's comments we can see that we were mistaken and that Williams did not take over until after the studio recordings were complete. Our thanks to John for pointing this out.

John later covers the situation where George Gallaccio was asked to be *Doctor Who*'s producer prior to himself. This information also came from *In-Vision* (Issue 25), this time from an interview with Gallaccio where he stated ". . . when Graeme MacDonald offered me the job of producing *Doctor Who* in 1979 I had to say no."

Please keep up the good work with *The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs*. We had approached John to see if he would speak to us during the research for all of our relevant books to date, but he always declined as was his right to do so and we have always respected his decision. Hopefully the publication of these memoirs will help to shed light and to give an alternate point of view for what was a very turbulent and demanding decade for *Doctor Who*.

David J Howe
Tolworth,
Surrey.

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

I enjoyed the *Unexplored Realms* article in DWM 234, particularly the remark about critics describing Virgin as "flogging a dead horse to gullible anoraks". As a reviewer working for *Interzone* and *SFX*, I consider myself one of those critics.

The "flogging a dead horse" point is a matter of opinion. Looking through the *Doctor Who Programme Guide*, I noticed that most of the storylines fall into one of three categories: the alien invader; the megalomaniac and the time meddler – all thwarted by the Doctor, accompanied by a burst of pyrotechnics. I realise there are some interesting variations, but they are the minority. So let's face it, how long can you go on telling the same three stories?

There is a stronger argument for the "gullible" accusation. It's a fact that Virgin aren't bothered if the *Doctor Who* books are reviewed or not – they know people will buy them anyway. And while nobody should take a review as gospel, it takes a certain amount of gullibility to shell out £5.00 for a book with no better recommendation than the *Doctor Who* logo on the cover! When the books do get reviewed, it's usually by another *Who* author, or someone who sees them in terms of the TV series rather than as books in their own right. So when a *New Adventure* is impressively described as "ground-breaking", for instance, it usually means "ground-breaking by *Doctor Who* standards", which is not so impressive. Literary standards hardly come into it. No distinction is drawn between the sheer competence of Andrew Cartmel's work, the unreadable prose of *Time's*

THE HIT PARADE

A **DWM** contributor slips on his shades, hits the ignition and cruises onto the lazy boulevard of forgotten dreams, coolly scoping out his ten favourite *Doctor Who* stories. What it is, bro.

Peter Griffiths
Interviewer

1. *The Curse of Fenric*

"I first watched this story in a single sitting in late 1989 with a group of friends in Australia, and the evening's electric atmosphere remains a potent memory. Easily the best *Doctor Who* adventure in the series' twenty-six years, with a brilliantly brooding and complex script. The production is convincing and the pace exhilarating, even in the extended edit."

2. *The Caves of Androzani*

"Graeme Harper's ability to imbue the simplest scenes with drama and energy is unmatched in *Doctor Who*'s history. As Morgus confronts Sharaz Jek and the Doctor staggers back to the TARDIS with Peri in the gripping final moments, the series achieves the rare distinction of being striking television."

3. *Earthshock*

"It's taken something of a beating from reviewers in recent years, but this story squares up as one of Davison's best. A breathless script is complemented by the late Peter Grimwade's clever work behind the cameras. And Adric pops his clogs, so all is not in vain."

4. *The Pyramids of Mars*

"Hinchcliffe's finest production. With these regulars and this production team, it was destined to succeed. Conviction is the key word; everyone's doing their damnedest to make the story work. Also one of the few occasions when Dudley Simpson's racket doesn't damage the intended atmosphere."

5. *The Happiness Patrol*

"A story which redefined *Doctor Who*'s boundaries, This is an astonishing blend of mischief and high drama. The performances are beautiful, the incidental music and surreal design sublime. Top marks just for the Doctor's final confrontation with Helen A."

6. *Inferno*

"This captured my imagination and dragged me along with it. The parallel earth is unsettling, and its passing gives rise to one of *Doctor Who*'s genuinely frightening moments: the lava rushing remorselessly towards our heroes. Unlike every other cliffhanger, you know they aren't going to get out of this one."

7. *Vengeance on Varos*

"An exciting and well-produced tale, this is Colin Baker's finest hour and thirty minutes. The script fills the slot effortlessly, and director Ron Jones and most of his cast work it with subtlety. A story which demands reappraisal."

8. *The Robots of Death*

"Pilot Toos. Uvanov's hat. 'Please do not throw hands at me.' Zilda sobbing into her hands. David Collings. 'V4, do not kill me.' Leela's best story. Cool robot masks. 'I heard a cry.' Dask's trousers."

9. *The Sun Makers*

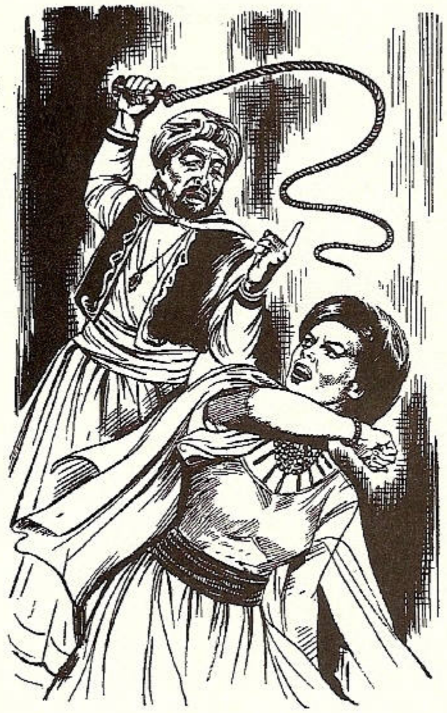
"The plot itself is a little pedestrian, but littered with amusing characters, sparkling dialogue and gorgeous moments. Any scenes involving the Gatherer, the Collector, or even better, both at once, are instant magic."

10. *Timelash*

"It's difficult to divine what provokes the most hysteria – the Bandril Ambassador's plaintive pleas for grain, Peri spluttering 'Sezon at the Falchon Rocks', or any number of priceless moments from Paul Darrow's Tekker. It's all such rubbish that you can't fail to love it – I stand before you unashamed."

Off TARGET

by Quiquaequod



Barbara's disco-dancing stopped the wicked Emir in his tracks

Crucible and *St Anthony's Fire*, and the self-indulgence of *Timewyrm: Revelation* and *Goth Opera*.

The pity of it is, some of the authors are genuinely talented. I recently accepted an excellent SF tale from Daniel Blythe for my own fiction magazine, *Substance*. But this environment of equine mortification is forcing (or at least encouraging) many of them to write below their ability. Meanwhile SF authors of real talent who *aren't* writing *Doctor Who* books are lucky to be given shelf space, and unadventurous readers will never know what they are missing.

Paul Beardsley
Havant,
Hants.

ADIOS, ROZ

I was incensed after reading **DWM** 233's *Gallifrey Guardian* regarding the *New Adventures*. What on Earth do Virgin think they're playing at? Not content with offering us such deadly dull offerings as *Zamper* and *Toy Soldiers*, they then go and scrap new companion Roz Forrester before she's settled in. Fair enough, Bernice is also leaving, but at least she has had a good run of forty-plus stories to establish herself. How many stories has Roz had? Seventeen. Roz and Chris form one of the most exciting and original partnerships in *Doctor Who*, and I feel that letting one go after such a short space of time is a mistake and will have a detrimental effect on future stories.

Please, Virgin, keep the new partnership of the Doctor, Roz and Chris together for a bit longer, and breathe new life into the *New Adventures*, which have gone downhill of late.

Finally, I cannot praise Stephen Marley enough for his dark and witty *Managra*. Let's have another visit to Europe soon, Stephen.

Matthew Bartley
Seaham,
Co Durham.

WHO IS NUMBER ONE?

Can I thank Matthew Jarron for his letter in *Timelines* 234. Like him I am a Hartnell follower and, like the Doctor, I get a bit grumpy sometimes as it seems to me his era lives in the shadows a little. Hindered by the destruction of the black-and-white episodes twenty years ago which left more recent fans without the chance to discover much of the founding and pioneering era of *Doctor Who*, the period may seem too lacking in action for a more modern audience or one less accustomed to a writing/direction style more sympathetic to character development which could take its time to tell a good yarn. As the First Doctor said, "silly old fuss pots". It was an era brimming with inventiveness.

Matthew raises a good point that many observers mistakenly look at the First Doctor's splutters and lapses and consider that Hartnell is fluffing his lines. I never thought this the case. Remember, folks, that Hartnell was a very accomplished actor. To look at some of his roles in films is to see his abilities. It would be a mistake to think that the Doctor's mannerisms are all to do with Hartnell's 'faults'. The First Doctor was very carefully crafted by Hartnell and he deliberately steered his character from the aloof authority figure in *Tribe of Gum* (sorry, I don't subscribe to this *100,000 BC* business) to a warmer, more caring figure by the season's end where he invites his companions to seek with him their destiny among the stars.

There are faults and fluffs in many of the first couple of seasons' stories – the one about the fault locator in rehearsal is legendary! However, what we forget today is that in the mid-Sixties the cast were under enormous pressure to get it right the first time and every time. The show was taped as if it were live, and though editing was possible it was very difficult. Later teams had the luxury of editing and re-recording, and the odd error could be ironed out.

I have enjoyed the interview with Verity Lambert. I would recommend to all that they read the production diary in *The First Doctor Handbook* which illustrates the enormous achievement of Verity and her team in getting the show to air, let alone making it a success. If you seek their monument, look around.

Thanks again, Matthew, for reminding me that Hartnell is my favourite Doctor. It is for the reasons above, and many others, that I would vote for him as my favourite Doctor in the readers' survey, were there such a question. Over to you, Gary . . .

David McKinlay
Melbourne,
Australia.
mckinlay@ozonline.com.au

USS TARDIS II

Generally I disapprove of long-running debates in magazine letters pages, but I feel the need to reply to Lawrence Miles' letter (*Timelines* 233), as I feel that he has completely misinterpreted what I was trying to say.

I too find phasers, transporters and other science fiction gadgets tedious, as they are only useful as plot devices. But that was the whole point of the letter! It's not those elements of *Star Trek* that I was suggesting *Doctor Who* should incorporate. Strip these things away from modern *Star Trek*, and you are left with what is really important; the characters and how they interact with one another, and how they deal with difficult situations. Unfortunately, if you strip away the SF gadgets from *Doctor Who* (and even more so with original *Trek*), there is precious little left.

Don't get me wrong; *Doctor Who* has always been immensely satisfying the way it has always been produced. I was merely suggesting that a whole new dimension would be added if the characters gained real depth. Fortunately it seems that this will be the case, with the excellent *Downtime* containing some very moving character scenes.

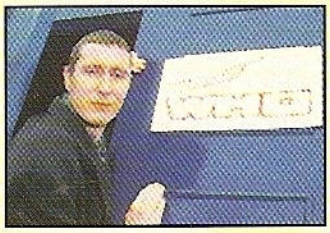
I was never comparing *Star Trek* and *Doctor Who* as two science fiction programmes: I was comparing them as two works of television drama. The SF elements in modern *Star Trek* are unimportant; it is essentially character drama, and *that* is what I am hoping *Doctor Who* can emulate.

Oh, and I quite like the "bombastic orchestral scores" . . .

Tom Spilsbury
Henbury,
Bristol.

Oh, Tom, you were doing so well until that last sentence . . .

COMING IN ISSUE 237



The Return of *Doctor Who*

We catch up with the leading cast and crew members of the new TV movie, and get our first look at the Eighth Doctor in costume . . .

The Evil of the Daleks

The moment you've all been waiting for has finally arrived – the greatest Dalek story of all begins its run in the *Telesnap Archive* . . .

Jean Marsh

The lady who played Princess Joanna, Special Space Security Agent Sara Kingdom and Morgaine, Battle Queen of the S'Rax, recalls her long association with *Doctor Who*.

Nicola Bryant

The second half of our revealing interview, and we do mean *revealing* . . .

The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge Part Two

by Alan Barnes

Unconventional landlady Prunella prepares for the Brooding – and Jo Grant faces the terrors of the Reprogramming Room . . .

The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs

JN-T takes us through the making of *The Five Doctors*, the colossal Longleat celebration, and the trials and triumphs of *Doctor Who*'s twentieth birthday . . .

on sale 14th March

Fluid Links

The Kiss of Death

There exists a rather worrying connection between sex and death in *Doctor Who*. Put simply, people who have sex or express a desire to do so soon find themselves six feet under. The most frequent victims of this curious connection are those men foolish enough to show a bit of interest in one of the Doctor's female travelling companions. This leads only to death. Sharaz Jek, Condo, Mike Smith, Sorin – even the K1 robot – have all fallen foul of the companion's kiss of death. This trend is particularly strong in the Eighties when both Peri and Ace left a trail of amorous corpses in their wake.

At first I was rather concerned about this rather puritanical streak in my favourite television programme. Was this some covert moral campaign undertaken by the BBC to stop young people enjoying themselves? Were these subtextual messages deliberately placed in the programme to engender fear and celibacy in the nation's youth?

Well, no, of course not. But I suspect that *Doctor Who* writers' ideas about villainy are caught up in notions of unrestrained lust. Rather too many *Doctor Who* villains have been in pursuit of the carnal for this to be just coincidence. Magnus Greel may have wanted Leela's body for his distillation machine, but his Eighties incarnation, Sharaz Jek, just wanted Peri's body full-stop. And the Borad clearly wasn't interested in her for her mind. Suffering the boredom of immortality, the Eternals wanted humans for their ability to distract and pleasure them; Marriner's quiet seduction of Tegan is purely for the satisfaction of his own desires. In the world of *Doctor Who*, universal domination and the objectification of women appear to be complementary pursuits. Odd that.

In *Doctor Who* lustful desire is often the motivation behind the villain's evil schemes.

This connection between desire, villainy and ultimately death is not limited to the promiscuous eye of the heterosexual foe. Ian Briggs, in his novelization of *The Curse of Fenric*, explains the troubled friendship between Millington and Judson in terms of Millington's jealous desire. Briggs describes an event from their school days which does much to explain their present strained relationship:

> *The expression Millington saw on Judson's face as Judson smiled across to one of the other players, a tall, blond boy with clear blue eyes and a strong body. The sharp, stabbing jealousy that surged through Millington. The black anger that filled him as he ran towards Judson. The hatred, as he drove his shoulder hard into Judson's back. The cracking sound – the awful cracking sound – as Judson's body bent backwards and his spine fractured.*

In *Doctor Who* lustful desire is often the motivation behind the villain's evil schemes. And so it's unsurprising that in a morality tale like *Doctor Who* – where the bad guys almost always lose – that sex should so often equal death.

But this can't explain the connection fully. *Doctor Who* is formula television and as such the basic components of the programme, such as the characters, must be deposited at the end of each story in much the same shape as they were at the beginning. A problem arose in Season Twenty-Five when swapping the broadcast order of two stories meant that Ace was wearing jewellry in one story which she wouldn't actually find until the next. Realizing the mistake too late, John Nathan-Turner wisely made a ruling that if a companion picked something up in one story, she should have dropped it by the next.

This has always been true of the companions' lovers. The formula of the programme doesn't really allow for relationships to continue past the fourth episode. If the companion is desperately in love in one story, she's usually forgotten all about it by Part One of the next adventure.

This leaves the writers with the awkward problem of resolving the 'companion falls in love' subplot at the end of each story. Often this involves a few clumsy good-byes and the companion looking a little wistfully over her shoulder as she boards the TARDIS. In the second-ever story, *The Daleks*, Barbara is clearly rather sorry to leave Ganatus as the crew of TARDIS attempt to return to Sixties Earth. The other strategy writers employ is have the poor lover catch a stray shot from a Dalek or be taken over by the villain in the final few moments, so there are no loose ends to get in the way of next week's fun.

Nowhere is this more clear than in the final story to date, *Survival*. At the beginning of Part Three, Ace is thoroughly caught up with the sensual charms offered by Karra and the Cheetah world. She abandons the Doctor, giggling as he tries to call her back to his side. But her romance with the Cheetahs is a temporary one and dies as inevitably as Karra does. In her novelization, Rona Munro writes:

> *Karra was dead. Slowly, Ace reached out and stroked Karra's face as she had once touched her fur on another planet.*

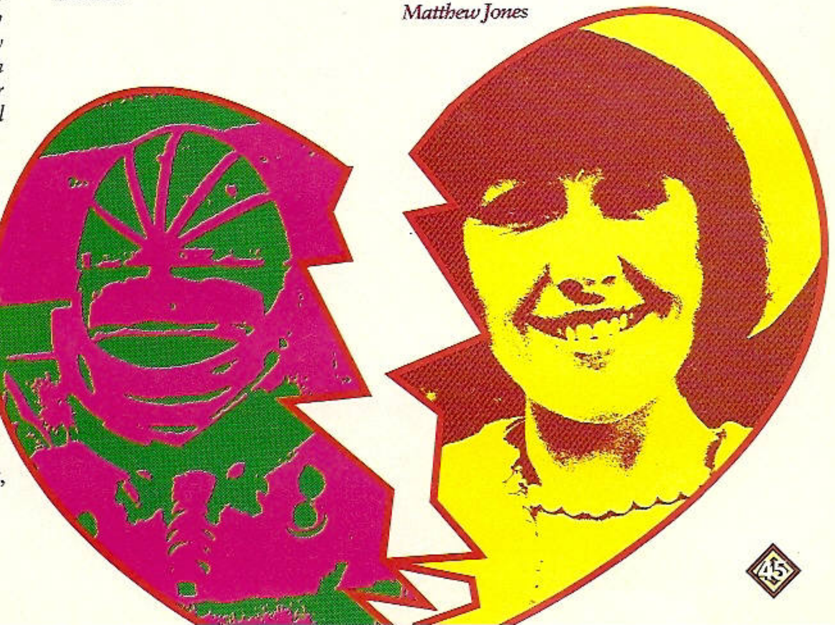
The Cheetah influence can be read as a metaphor for sexual awakening. For under its spell, Ace becomes more aware of her body, her senses and desires. And with this new sensuality comes independence from the Doctor. She is no longer his girl companion, but a woman caught up in adventures and relationships of her own.

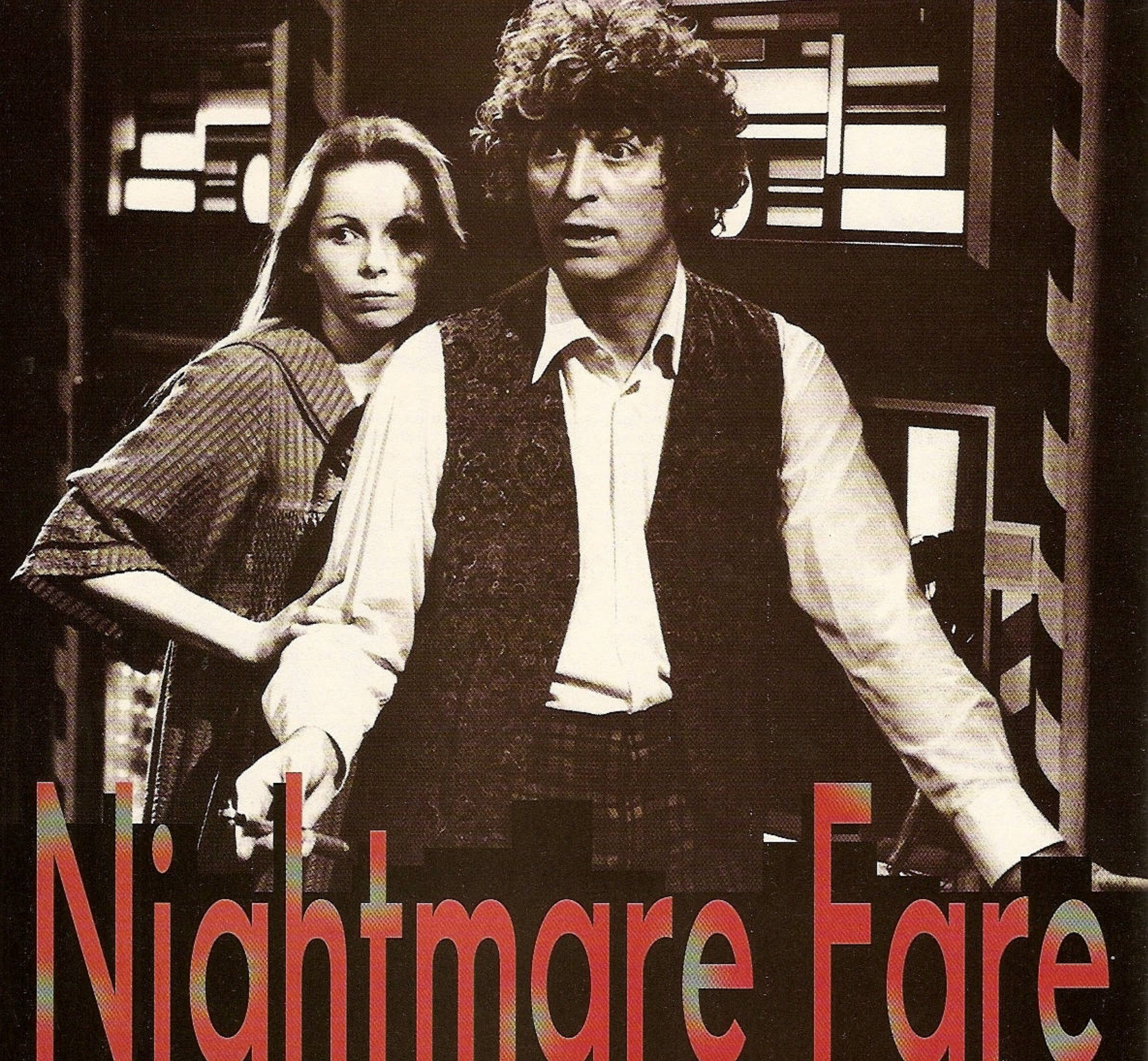
However, the structure of the programme can't accommodate such a radical revision of the relationship between the companion and the Doctor, and at the end of the story Ace is dragged back to his side. Of course, we never got to see how the Seventh Doctor and Ace's relationship continued from this point, but we might like to imagine that in their later adventures things were never quite the same between them.

Right from the very beginning, romances have been used to explain why companions have given up their travels in the TARDIS, but many people have pointed out that it is a mite unrealistic to suggest that a person might give up the universe and all its infinite possibilities for the sake of a snog with a boy or girl they hardly know. Ooh, I don't know, though . . .

One thing I *do* know, however, is that if you should ever wake up one morning to find yourself a supporting character in a *Doctor Who* adventure with the companion flirting outrageously with you . . . Run like hell.

Matthew Jones





Nightmare Fare

Last issue, Bob Baker and Dave Martin talked to Peter Griffiths about their work on *Doctor Who*, writing such stories as *The Mutants* and *The Three Doctors*. The story continues with *The Hand of Fear . . .*

Bob: It was 1976 when we went in to discuss our next story. [Script Editor] Robert Holmes was a great movie buff, so we talked about thirties movies. Out of the blue, Robert said, '*The Hand of Orlac*!' I remembered being frightened to death by that film myself when I was a kid, so we based a story on it.

Dave: The severed hand crawling round has been in so many horror films, but that's no reason not to nick it, is it! I never found out how they did that, but it looked brilliant. It was all Robert's idea; he presented us with a two-page outline for four episodes. Although we could see where the story was going, there were, needless to say, a lot of holes when you came to write it and make it flow.

Bob: It was a good plot. The idea of cloning is commonplace now, but at the time we were at the forefront of tomorrow's world! We read *Scientific American* to get ideas. We had a villain in Eldrad who was slightly sympathetic, although she turned out to be lying. Her success was down to Judith Paris, a very strong actress, who played the part before it became Ebony Man.

Dave: This is where we got them into Oldbury Power station, isn't it?

Bob: The nuclear reactor is just down the road from here. We rang them up and said, 'We're writing for *Doctor Who* and want to set it in a power station. Can we come along?' They said, 'We'd be delighted!' Contrary to popular belief, they're very keen for people to visit. They have parties of visitors going around every week now, but then it was fairly unique. They showed us virtually everything, and when we were in the huge control room which featured in the story, this monitor kept flashing up: malfunction, malfunction. They said, 'Oh, it's always doing that!' They were very helpful.

Dave: The BBC had never got into a nuclear power station before then. Maybe they didn't particularly want to!

Bob: Elisabeth Sladen was departing in this story, making way for the lovely Leela. Lis played the story right to the hilt, and did beautifully well with the discovery of the hand. She was taken over, and it gave her a good solo bit away from the Doctor. It's always difficult writing the companion because there's no sexual relationship. Therefore it has to be the 'But Doctor!' syndrome.

Dave: Lis was the famous 'But Doctor' girl. Poor thing, that was the extent of her dialogue. She was very good, though.

Bob: Jo Grant was the worst for that. Katy Manning was terrific, but it was difficult to characterise Jo. She was just seconded to UNIT as a non-person, and although she had a background, I can't even remember what it was. She just wore a pretty dress and was always in

Above: Romana (Lalla Ward) and the Doctor (Tom Baker) in Bob Baker's *Nightmare of Eden*. Photo © BBC danger. They used Katy in the first *Target* they did, and she was bloody good at playing a junkie whore. She was dying to play it, something naughty at last. The only one who really pulled away from all that was Louise Jameson. At last, you were writing for a woman who did exactly what she wanted, and had the Doctor turning around to say, 'Don't do that!' It gave Tom a chance to do a bit of acting instead of just his stock booming voice. I loved doing Leela stories. She was very good, and much loved by all.

Dave: Robert Holmes took care of the nuts and bolts of Sarah's departure. We wrote a comical scene, but it was junked in favour of a quite touching one. It wasn't a bad scene at all, as I recall. The problem with two people writing together is that emotion tends to get left out in favour of by-play and dialogue, so Robert was quite right to give her a decent emotional send-off.

Bob: He said, 'Just leave it to me.' It worked very well. I don't think he changed anything else of ours, apart from the odd word. Of course, at this point Mary Whitehouse was making her yearly protest, which somehow always turned out to be about one of ours! I think kids liked *Doctor Who* to be as frightening as possible; it brings up the adrenalin. Robert Holmes loved violence. Graham Williams [the producer] was more jumpy. He'd been told to pull it back, so people were beaten with a polystyrene cup rather than a chopper. Graham was a bit of a panicker. He used to get in a state.

Dave: He took over for *The Invisible Enemy,* the one with that terrible prawn thing!

Bob: Oh yes, introducing the beloved K9. Once we'd decided to use the virus as the villain of the piece, the story built itself. The only problem was that you couldn't see the bloody thing – it was the invisible enemy! The idea of making it life-size gradually dawned. The section with the Doctor contracting the virus and going inside his own head was borrowed from *Fantastic Voyage*. It wasn't a deliberate nick, it was an homage! We also had spaceships landing on the moons of Saturn, and the special effects guys threw in little things which filled up the screen and made it look really classy. Professor Marius worked on this asteroid space hospital, which meant even more special effects.

"From the bottom of the bottle came the words of fire – K9!"

Dave Martin

Dave: We'd been trying to get them to do that miniaturisation trick since the very first story we did, *The Claws of Axos*. For no reason at all, probably just to take the mickey out of us, Terrance Dicks rang up one day and said, 'Can you put a six-foot frog in?' So we did. I think the BBC may have got some new facilities. A lot of the flavour of the story depended on the information given to us, and again that was a Robert Holmes-type story. He would have known that if there was a softer story before ours, they would want something a bit more metallic for the next one.

Bob: It was nice that everything had been carefully thought out, down to the phonetic writing on the walls. We really appreciated that.

Dave: We didn't realise at this point that K9 would be kept on. K9 was brought in to solve the problem of our not wanting to have Dr Marius in his laboratory talking to himself and looking like a nut case. We could also see that it was going to be useful to have some sort of artificial intelligence around.

Bob: Just before that programme, Dave had bought a very classy springer spaniel pup. That one got run over, and then another, and a third. I remember him on one very sad day saying, 'I wish I could have a mechanical dog that wouldn't get run over.' That's where K9 came from – an indestructible dog!

Dave: That's Bob the psychologist speaking. I don't think it was like that at all. Bob was the one who drew it as a dog, and he was called Pluto to start with. That was in the early days, before we really started writing the story. One day I was sitting at the table, and lo and behold from the bottom of the bottle came the words of fire –K9! John Leeson gave the dog personality with his slightly crabby voice, and has made a nice little number out of it ever since!

Bob: Robert Holmes later rang us up and said, 'We like this K9 character. We're thinking of keeping him on.' We said terrific, delighted to hear it. We got paid a royalty every time he appeared, and still do.

Dave: The BBC only owned half of it. When it was being made, they asked us to pay for half of it because they were £2,000 short on the budget. It's true! Bloody cheek! Maybe someone was trying it on. A designer or engineer phoned up in distress saying they couldn't get it to work. Shortly after that, before the story hit the screen, we were driving around South Bristol, and we saw this van with 'K9 Security Services' plastered on the side. It was either synchronicity or something subliminal. We also tried to sue the American film *K9*, but they said we had no right to the name!

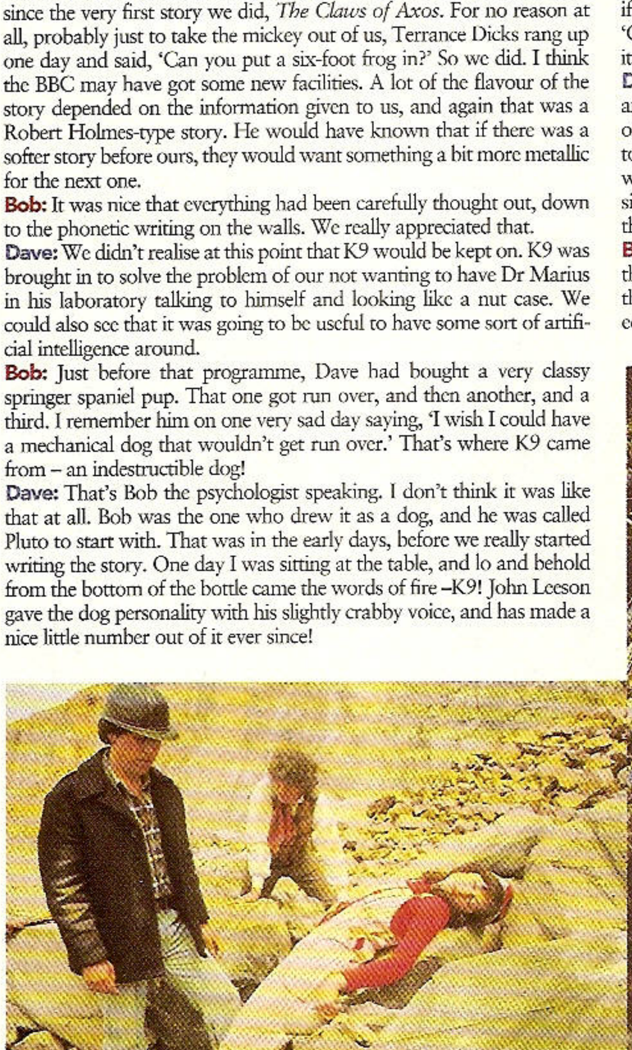
Bob: A lot of later authors thought K9 was a gun or a machine cure-all for the Doctor. He was supposed to be a tool and a second companion which you could send off on a separate adventure. In each of our following stories he had his own bit, going off into destabilised areas and so on. It created a new plot strand, and it was fun. If we'd known he was going to be kept on, we might not have given him a laser.

Dave: No writer can use another writer's creation quite as well – at least according to the writers who created it! They used it more to get out of corners than we did. With K9 as a partner you could get a slight edge going between mathematics and intuition, a three-way conversation between the Doctor, Leela and the dog. But the producers finally said that K9 was making the story too easy with his nose gun.

Bob: It just got silly later on. Running along the beach and blowing up all the time, my God! He always seemed to be in pieces in the TARDIS. I think the next producer, John Nathan-Turner, really wanted to kill that dog. The final degradation came in that *K9 and Company* special. I didn't like it at all. We'd have liked to have been asked to write it, even if we'd had to refuse. We knew they were doing it, and we thought, 'Great, a new series with K9.' We waited to hear about it and suddenly it was on television. It was done very quickly.

Dave: To say I didn't like it would be putting it mildly. It was farcical and should never have been put on. It was a waste of K9 and a waste of Lis Sladen. To be a bit more generous, I think what they were trying to do was develop a logical Earth story, but you can't have K9 wandering around in woods and turning up to save someone occasionally. It wasn't very well done. It looked as if no one very much had their heart in it, except perhaps Lis.

Bob: Following *The Invisible Enemy* was *Underworld*. We worked on them almost simultaneously, certainly one straight after the other. I think Robert Holmes commissioned *Underworld*, but Anthony Read edited it.



Far left:
Abbott (David Purcell) and the Doctor scramble to the aid of Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) in *The Hand of Fear.* Photo © BBC Video.

Left:
Leela (Louise Jameson) and the Doctor hunt *The Invisible Enemy.* Photo © BBC

> **"I've never been approached to do a *New Adventure*, but I would like to."**
>
> ***Bob Baker***

Dave: He was an extraordinarily intelligent bloke, Tony. He was a good writer as well. We'd met him before on *Arthur of the Britons*. Tony Read and Graham Williams were probably too intelligent for *Doctor Who*.

Bob: I don't remember much about the story, actually. They told us it had to be very low-budget, so we stuck it in a labyrinth of tunnels with the spaceship at the beginning and end. There were no monsters as such, just human figures. We mixed the idea of the genetic strain beginning to weaken with *Jason and the Argonauts*. We wanted the crew on the search ship to have gone on so long they were almost mentally ill, but that dropped by the wayside.

Dave: I remember this. It was the awful thing set against CSO! We'd always wanted to do a story about *Jason and the Argonauts*, so we put P7E (Per-sephon-e) and all that in. If you're going to steal, steal from the best! It should have worked as real science fiction, the past projected into the future with heroic attitudes in a non-heroic age. But when you see it played against a blur, your heart sinks slightly. I think we got the fluffy end on that one!

Bob: The production office phoned us and said, 'The director wants to do it all as chromakey, every bit.' It all had to be done in a four-parter's recording blocks, and it had to be got absolutely right to match up. You have to fiddle around for ages with chromakey, and actors don't know where their eyelines are, so it was a long, painful process. The director, Norman Stewart, was a very brave man.

Dave: It ended up a bit of a dead loss. The background was too flat, with no depth or perspective. People just walked across things, not backwards or forwards. It made it difficult to run around the corridors with any conviction. The story was alright, but it was disappointing technically.

Bob: I haven't seen it since it went out. It wasn't one of the greatest stories, I think, but it was interesting. It just didn't come out as everyone had hoped.

Dave: There was that catch phrase – 'The Quest is the Quest'. We always tried to work something like that in for our own amusement, and to have a certain amount of fun. We remembered 'Exterminate', so we were always trying to get something of our own going!

Bob: People from America come up and say to you, 'Eldrad must live'! Dave was in advertising copywriting, so he knew what it was all about.

Dave: By now we were part of the furniture. Bob Holmes was a senior writer, and there were one or two others, like the Dalek guy, but we were well up there. Graham Williams treated us well, though he seemed to be besotted with the Key to Time concept. He got a touch of the 'Bob Holmes' and started to believe in it, becoming quite emotionally involved. By then, although we didn't know it, he was quite ill. It was something to do with his liver, and I think his illness developed quite quickly towards the end. He was very ill on his last season.

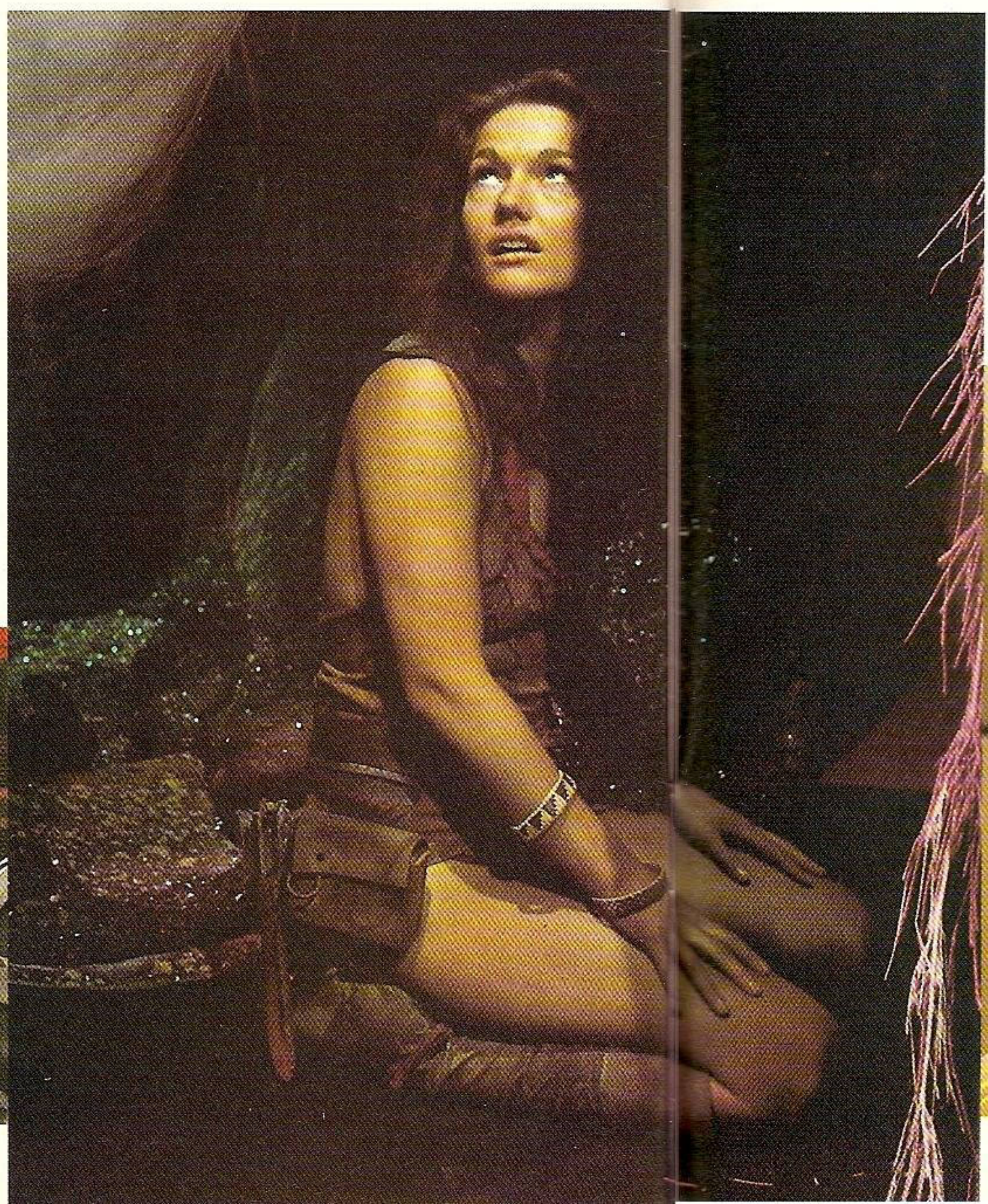
Bob: I saw *The Armageddon Factor* again recently, and I thought, 'God, they keep using that bloody transmat to go from place to place.' We couldn't make the big writers' meeting at the beginning of the season, so we went up to London later and were told by Graham and Tony Read what the concept was. We knew our story had to conclude the season, so we virtually worked backwards.

Dave: We didn't understand the concept for months. We didn't know what the other keys were disguised as when we were writing the script, so we knew we'd have a lot of rewrites to do! We sat for days in our bat-haunted attic, trying to work out how to resolve the situation without duplicating the other writers' work. We finally cracked it by making the last segment a lovely young woman. Tom and Lalla Ward married in the end, didn't they? They've got us to thank for that! The revelation could have been done with more dramatic impact on screen, but it worked.

Bob: The idea was very happily received. We thought about swords and relics initially, but when it's a human being who's got to be sacrificed, it's something the Doctor can't do. We realised when we were writing it that the Guardians were basically God and the Devil, ultimate good and evil, at least as far as television rubbish was concerned! We felt we were walking with something quite heavy, quite powerful, and it was a little dilemma for us. We talked it over, and came up with the idea that the Doctor said no to both Guardians and threw the key away.

Dave: The story was about two planets at war – Russia and America, basically – but I think the sets for the two planets looked too similar. The tag in the last two episodes was Drax, a space scrap metal merchant played by Barry Jackson. It was a very bent dog-leg! Drax gave the story a lot of reality after the earlier, rather bombastic, military-speak.

Bob: Drax was based on Trevor Ray, who we wanted to play the part, but Barry Jackson did it very well. We thought up a whole story about him afterwards, detailing how he got to Zeos. The Doctor comes to London to discover a terrible flap on. Drax has stolen the crown jewels to use in his TARDIS and then sell on another planet, so the Doctor has to follow him. He ends up running a TARDIS spare parts factory, and of course the Doctor wants to get his own TARDIS mended. We thought it could work once or twice in the one story, and then revert to being a telephone box. Drax lets him down again!



Dave: I've always been very fond of Barry Jackson. He was a brilliant actor, the only one in *Doctor Who* I ever wrote a letter of congratulation to.

Bob: Dave and I now broke up after ten years and nine *Doctor Whos*. We didn't split for any nasty reason, we just decided that we wanted to do different things. Ten years is a long time. I didn't work for a year then – not one single job. I couldn't understand why, and eventually I found out from Robert Banks Stewart that everybody thought we'd had a bad breakup and decided that they couldn't employ one without employing the other! I explained that it was a very friendly parting, and Robert said, 'Oh'. I then did my own solo *Doctor Who* story later that year, *The Nightmare of Eden*. It was very daunting writing solo for the first time. I sat down at the typewriter one day and turned around to speak to Dave, but he wasn't there.

Dave: The last thing we did together was *Murder at the Wedding*, a four-episode contemporary thriller for HTV. I was busy writing the novelisation of that, and I don't think I could have written a solo story anyway. My heart wouldn't have been in it. It was easy doing it with Bob because you could have a bit of fun. Solo, you have to take the whole responsibility for it.

Bob: Douglas Adams, who was now script-editor, encouraged me to break some new ground. I'd done a lot of research on drugs for the Katy Manning *Target* episode, and having done it you might as well use the damn stuff. I also researched the Continuous Event Transmuter in science books, finding words and building up ideas. I pitched it to Douglas as a low budget idea – it was all studio, and anything which happened in the Event machine was in a chromakey forest! Eventually it turned out not to be so cheap because of the model filming of the two ships locked together, but having these destabilised areas with these monsters running round is a classic situation: the escaped lions aboard ship. Douglas thought it was wonderful, and it worked quite well as a story.

Dave: I saw it. I liked some of it, but I thought the way that they built Eden wasn't terribly 'grabby'. It could have been much more sinister, as Bob meant it to be. We'd done a show called *Sky* involving Glastonbury Tor, where plants come alive and start crawling through windows, and you needed something of that tropical forest feel – peaceful but full of extremely nasty things. The story set in Paris around that time had some promise, a nice off-centre story which was more crime than *Doctor Who*.

Bob: I didn't like the German accent and square glasses on Tryst, the villain. If the director had made him more serious as a character, I think it would have been a lot more highly regarded. Some critics said *Eden* was like *Carnival of Monsters*, but a lot of *Doctor Who* stories are alike, and it's not *really* similar. The Mandrels were fine in the darkness, but the way they were shot made them look stupid. I wanted tentacles – they could have used the Axon costumes and sprayed them white. Hang on, they'd already done that, hadn't they?! I wasn't asked to do another. I tried to keep in contact in one way or another, nobody offered me an episode. I suppose I should have asked.

Dave: At the time, I did some K9 books for an opportunist publisher who had a small company in London. He'd managed to persuade the BBC to license him to do them. I did them very quickly – four in a week or something. I thought the illustrations were quite good, but they were intended for the seven to ten-year-olds market. 'K-Nel', K9's spaceship, was rather good – it looked like the forerunner of the Eurostar train! Bob and I also did a couple of interactive books much later, but they were a complete flop as far as I know.

Bob: Yes, I supplied the story for *The Garden of Evil*. It was a *Doctor Who* story which I had previously submitted and had turned down. Terrance Dicks had got the novelisations pretty well sewn up, though we were the ones who forced him to give the authors a greater percentage. We stuck up quite strongly for that. It was all very well for him to novelise them – and he did it very well – but they were our stories, simply transcribed for the page. So we plumped for a bit more, and got it. I've never been approached to do a *New Adventure*, but I would like to.

Dave: We were asked if we wanted to do some novelisations, but two of you can't write a book. It's not the same as writing the script, which is mainly dialogue, so we left it to Terrance and got half of his royalties. I think it was fifty quid a year!

Bob: The time around *The Nightmare of Eden* was also notable for the other thing in my career I really enjoyed, *Shoestring*. I wrote and script-edited the first series, again working with that great taskmaster, Mr Robert Banks Stewart. But the greatest moment in my life has to be writing *The Wrong Trousers* with Nick Park. Nick had a zillion ideas about how to write this short piece for the BBC, so they brought me in as a calming influence, picking out the story and giving it a thread. It came out very well, and won both the Academy Award and BAFTA for Best Short Film. It's also won twenty-six other awards worldwide.

Dave: We have kept in touch with *Doctor Who*, occasionally attending conventions. Terrance Dicks has now become a kind of guru of *Doctor Who*, the repository of all knowledge. He sits there like a big, smiling Buddha! He went on working for the show long after we quit, with those Doctors who got younger and younger. I wasn't terribly impressed with any of them, but I thought Ace was a good character.

Bob: What can I say to end up? *Doctor Who* was a series that I and my kids had always loved, and I knew right at the start that I would enjoy writing for it. And for all the years I wrote for it, I always did.

Dave: There's no kind of slur attached to working on the series. I was amazed, for instance, to see Waris Hussein at the last convention I went to. He is a really good director, and I didn't realise he'd worked on the programme. I suppose a lot of good directors have worked on it; a lot of good actors as well. As far as I recall we never got turned away; whenever we wanted to write one, that's where we ended up. We were treated very well by *Doctor Who*.

- *After splitting with Dave Martin, Bob Baker spent five years in the early Eighties as HTV's overall script-editor, responsible for all scripts both solicited and unsolicited. He was credited as editor on a dozen projects. He also script- edited* Bergerac *(1981) and* Call Me Mister *(1987), and an innovative teenage series called* Jangles *(1985). He started his own production company some years ago and produced a movie called* The Cthulu Mansion, *based on an HP Lovecraft story. A sci-fi feature,* Nexus, *is also on its way. His Oscar for* The Wrong Trousers *is proudly displayed in his study.*
- *Dave Martin has remained equally busy. As well as a number of one-off plays (including* Unreported Incident, *a BAFTA-nominated BBC* Play on One *in 1988) and, recently, episodes for* Heartbeat, *he has successfully diversified into theatre, short stories and poetry, winning awards for the latter two. In 1988 he teamed up once more with Bob Baker for the Anglo-French production* Succubus. *He has just completed work on a* Heartbeat *novel, due out this month.*

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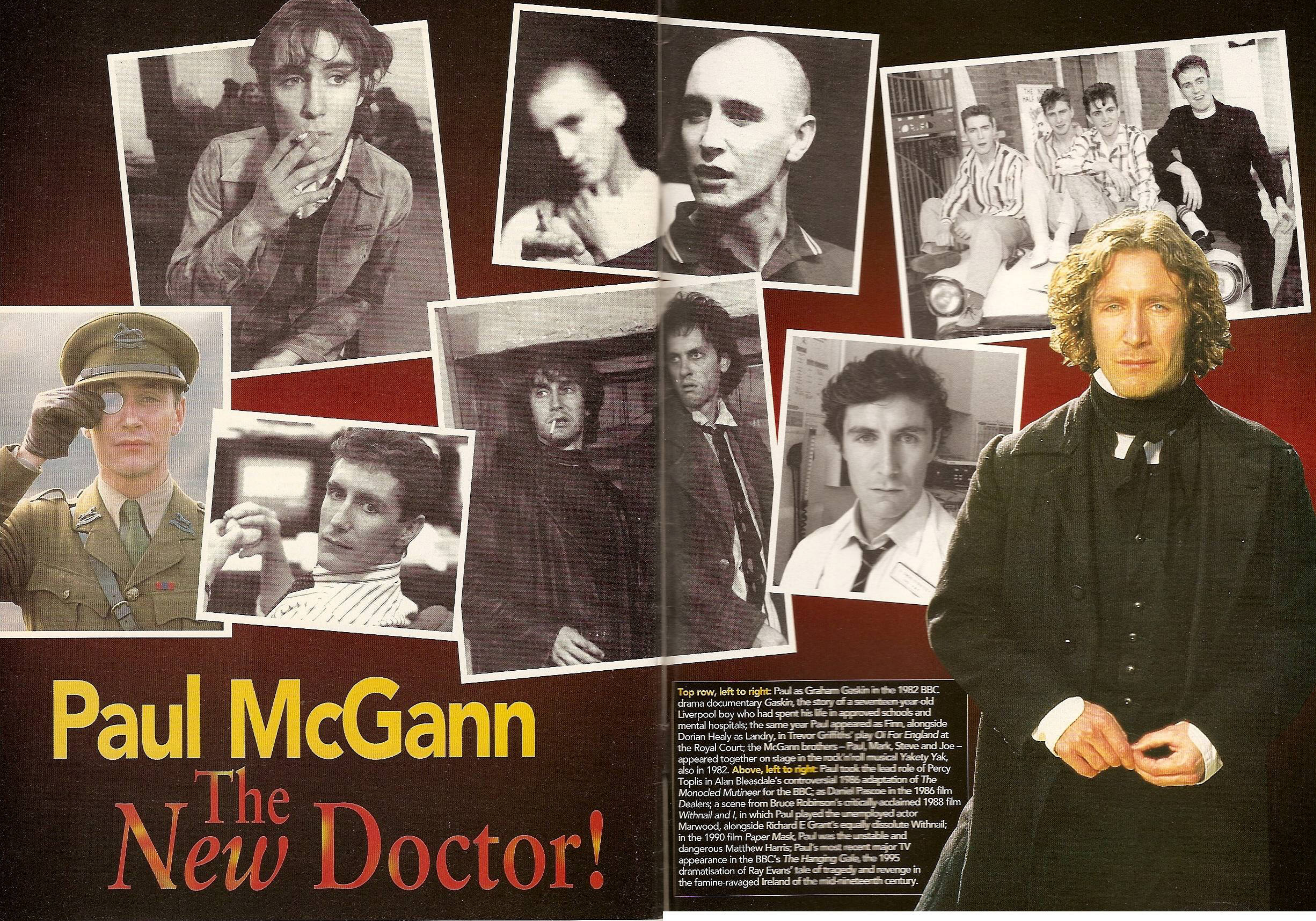
From the left: Sacrificial ceremony in *Underworld*; Leela senses danger in *The Invisible Enemy*; The Doctor and Tryst (Lewis Fiander) in *Nightmare of Eden*.
Photos © BBC

Paul McGann

The New Doctor!



Top row, left to right: Paul as Graham Gaskin in the 1982 BBC drama documentary *Gaskin*, the story of a seventeen-year-old Liverpool boy who had spent his life in approved schools and mental hospitals; the same year Paul appeared as Finn, alongside Dorian Healy as Landry, in Trevor Griffiths' play *Oi For England* at the Royal Court; the McGann brothers – Paul, Mark, Steve and Joe – appeared together on stage in the rock'n'roll musical Yakety Yak, also in 1982. **Above, left to right:** Paul took the lead role of Percy Toplis in Alan Bleasdale's controversial 1986 adaptation of *The Monocled Mutineer* for the BBC; as Daniel Pascoe in the 1986 film *Dealers*; a scene from Bruce Robinson's critically-acclaimed 1988 film *Withnail and I*, in which Paul played the unemployed actor Marwood, alongside Richard E Grant's equally dissolute Withnail; in the 1990 film *Paper Mask*, Paul was the unstable and dangerous Matthew Harris; Paul's most recent major TV appearance in the BBC's *The Hanging Gale*, the 1995 dramatisation of Ray Evans' tale of tragedy and revenge in the famine-ravaged Ireland of the mid-nineteenth century.

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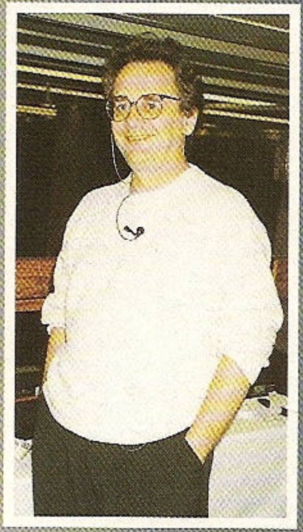

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